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REPETITION AND PARALLELISM . IN TENNYSON .

BY

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Lauréat de l'Académie Française et de
l'Académie de Médecine

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TENNYSON.

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PREFACE.

A recent study of Edgar A. Poe's works first suggested to us this subject. Repetition of words and parallelism of construction form such a distinctive feature of the great American writer's style both in prose and in poetry that we dwelt upon them at length in our former work;¹ the more so as no scholar has ever, as far as we know, treated of this neglected question but Prof. C. Alphonso Smith, of Louisiana University, who, in a suggestive little book, devoted a few pages to it.²

The Baton Rouge professor rightly shows both the interest and importance of this new point of view. "The current works on English metre," he says, "even the most exhaustive of them, do not adequately set forth some of the most important elements that enter into the subject of English verse. If the reader has had frequent occasion to subject some favourite poem, long stored in his memory, to the traditional metrical analysis, however rigid, he has doubtless more than once been convinced that the structural peculiarities most intimately characterizing the given poem are just those that the analysis has left untouched. . . . Scansion, even in its most comprehensive sense, does hardly more for poetry than parsing

¹ *Edgar Poe: sa vie et son œuvre* (Bibliothèque de Philosophie contemporaine). Paris, Alcan, 1904. See especially pp. 398—405, 416, 419, 423, 428, 435—442, 629—630. [Seven years have elapsed since these lines were written, the present study being then meant as a minor thesis for the doctorship of the Paris University. Only note 4, p. ix., and note 1, p. 105, have been added quite lately].

² *Repetition and Parallelism in English Verse*; a study in the technique of poetry, by C. Alphonso Smith, Ph. D. New York and New Orleans. University Publishing Company, 1894. Pp. 76.

does for prose, the laws of prosody being to the poet what the laws of grammar are to the prose writer. . . . The poet must use feet of some sort in his verses, and verses of some sort in his stanzas; but there are various devices of construction belonging to the domain of metre and rhythm that do not fall within any of the categories mentioned. These devices may be said to constitute the rhetoric of poetry, the employment of them being entirely at the option of the poet. Yet, like the periodic sentence in prose, they are found in all periods of English poetry, and are used by some poets with a frequency and an effect that justify the critic in styling them characteristic."¹ After having thus examined numerous examples of repetition and parallelism in various English poets, Mr. C. Alphonso Smith proceeds to study from this standpoint first the Greek influence over the English elegy, next the Finnish influence upon some of Longfellow's poems, and last both Edgar A. Poe's and Algernon C. Swinburne's poems, in which repetition and parallelism are to such a degree predominant.

Indeed the whole range of English literature, nay of any literature, might be viewed in this light; for repetition is of all times and of all countries, such a simple process of the human understanding being as common and primitive as it is spontaneous. The best way to emphasize any statement or to drive in any impression is, of course, to repeat them, just as the best way to link them in the memory is to connect them by similarity of construction; besides, there is, especially in emotional moods, a natural tendency to cast successive thoughts in the same mould until the very matter of words or the power of emotion be exhausted; hence the triple source in elementary psychology of both rhythmical processes in the earliest elaborate language, that is, in poetry. Yet blind, or rather short-sighted, erudition has hitherto been apt to overlook such most obvious devices of the human mind. Here is a striking illustration of such

¹ *Op. Cit.*, pp. 7, 8.

a prolonged ignorance: Longfellow being bluntly accused of having plagiarized from some unknown source the peculiar rhythm of his *Hiawatha*, his German friend and fellow-poet, Freiligrath, very decidedly asserted: "Your trochaic metre is taken from the Finns, not from the Spaniards. . . . The characteristic feature, which shows that you have fetched the metre from the Finns, is the *parallelism* adopted so skilfully and so gracefully in *Hiawatha*. I wonder that just this decisive circumstance is overlooked by all the combatants. It settles the question at once."¹ To which decisive remark Longfellow candidly answered: "He (Freiligrath) puts the matter right at once. But he does not seem aware that the *parallelism* or *repetition* is as much the characteristic of Indian as of Finnish song."² The plain truth is that both repetition and parallelism are, so to speak, instinctive means of regular utterance, to be found with almost all primitive peoples. Professor Gunmere, of Haverford College, in his interesting work on "*The Beginnings of Poetry*,"³ shows indeed with abundant quotations that one of the most characteristic features of early communal poetry is that very tendency to repetition, which he divides into absolute iteration and "incremental repetition" (*i.e.*, repetition with a slight variant, meant to advance the progress of the song). Catches in glees, just as burdens or refrains in songs, are but modern survivals of such primitive iterations.⁴

¹ *Life of Longfellow*, by his son. Boston, 1893. Vol. II., p. 298.

² *Op. Cit.*, Vol. II., p. 303.

³ *The Beginnings of Poetry*, by Francis Gunmere. London, 1901.

⁴ In a very exhaustive study on Latin Alexandrinism, published under the unassuming title of *Le Culex* (Paris, C. Klincksieck, 1910, pp. 316, 317), M. Charles Plésent has devoted a few lines to this prosodical device, "également cher à l'enfance et à la sénilité des littératures." "La stylistique grecque distinguait," he says, "l'*ἀναφορά* proprement dite de l'*ἐπανάληψις* en ce que la première était la reprise des mêmes mots et la seconde la reprise du même tour ou du même mouvement. *Ἀναδιπλώσις* peut se dire également de l'une et de l'autre." (Likewise we divide *iteration* into *repetition* and *parallelism*). "Son rôle ordinaire est de mettre en relief une idée importante," he adds, "de souligner une intention du texte ou

Primitive as it is, the English literature affords in this respect many noteworthy illustrations, from its earliest sources, either Celtic or Saxon, down to our own days. Ossian abounds in repetitions, especially of the "incremental" kind, more or less faithfully imitated from genuine originals; likewise, the Saxon poems,—for instance, the one versified by Tennyson from his own son's prose translation, *The Battle of Brunanburh*,—offer plenty of parallelism both of lines and of stanzas. The early English ballad is so replete with iteration, especially in the beginning of speeches, that their use is the very first trick acquired by all modern ballad-mongers. Repetition is, again, to be found more or less plentifully throughout the whole course of English literature, but chiefly indeed in lyrical poetry, which is, or, at least, should be, the most spontaneous, hence the most primitive form of emotional utterance. So the lyrics of the Renaissance, even the ones of the most elaborate kind, Spencer's as well as Shakespeare's, are rich in iterative effects, which are yet not seldom borrowed from French poets, from Ronsard, for instance. Repetition is even to be traced in the dainty songs of the 17th and 18th centuries, nay, in Dryden's solemn *Ode on Alexander's Feast*. With the romantic renaissance of poetry, under the more or less direct influence of the old ballads and romances, Walter Scott and Byron, and chiefly Coleridge and Poe, were so lavish of repetitions and parallelisms that

d'amorcer un nouveau développement par la répétition d'un mot de valeur. Mais parfois aussi, surtout dans la rhétorique alexandrine, ce n'est qu'une modulation musicale, une cadence agréable à l'oreille. Tantôt la répétition est textuelle; tantôt la figure se réduit à un sursaut de la construction, à une reprise de l'idée ou de la période, repartant sous une forme nouvelle." (Of this form of incremental repetition Lucretius (*de Natura rerum*, V., 950) affords a typical example: "lavere humida saxa—humida saxa super viridi stillantia musco"). "Si l'on prend le mot au sens large," he concludes, "l'anaphore, sous la forme du refrain, a été une des créations primitives du sentiment musical et poétique et, sous la forme de la strophe, elle prête aux combinaisons les plus savantes du lyrisme littéraire. Dans la pastorale populaire, ce procédé a présidé à la formation même du genre." (*Cf.* Part I., Section III., p. 52; I., Section VI., p. 71; II., p. 88).

they brought about quite a revival of the antiquated process; yet its improvement proved particularly successful with the Preraphaelite School, and it seems to have lately reached its climax in Swinburne's sonorous poetry. A born artist and an eclectic scholar, Tennyson could not but avail himself of this newly refined form of poetical expression.

Two reasons have induced us to choose Tennyson's works to test the value of such a prosodical process¹:—First, their wide range of subject, and hence great variety of style, as enabling us to see its application to all manner of poems; next, their almost ever sustained perfection of form, as affording the safest basis for careful study. On the other hand, having no predecessor in this fresh line of scholarship, we have tried to be as thorough in our researches as possible. Therefore, we have divided our work into two parts:—In the first part we have arranged in the most methodical order we could devise all the various forms of repetition and parallelism to be found in Tennyson's works, not discarding even the simplest ones, however trifling in appearance, for they afford the natural transition between common speech and poetical utterance; and in the second part we have chronologically followed the various applications of these forms through the whole course of Tennyson's poetical career, dwelling on the unequal frequency of their employment and on the great diversity of their effects. Yet we have studiously refrained from indulging in esthetical appreciations, which would but too often prove tedious for their utter uselessness or their very length; artistic beauties speak for themselves, or are of no worth. At any rate, we have throughout grudged no pains to turn these rather thankless researches into a book of reference as useful as possible, that is, both exhaustive and easy to handle.

¹ We are pleased to state that Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have kindly allowed us to include in our study all such quotations of Tennyson's poems as are still protected by copyright, for which permission we beg to offer them our thanks.

REPETITION AND PARALLELISM IN TENNYSON.

PART I. ANALYTICAL STUDY.

I.—REPETITION OF WORDS.

THE simplest form of repetition is, of course, the **successive repetition of the same word**. Tennyson resorts to it rather frequently,¹ to convey more forcibly either a picturesque impression or an emotional mood.

The word is usually repeated **twice** :

The *long long* winded tale. — (Brook).

The *merry merry* bells of Yule. — (Mem. XXVIII.).

In the *early early* morning. — (May Q.).

One *deep, deep* silence all. — (Pal. of A.).

A *weary, weary* way I go. — (Oriana).

Cruel, cruel the words I said. — (Edw. Gr.).

Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays — (Oriana).

Falsely, falsely have you done. — (Lady Cl.).

Bloodily, bloodily falls the battle-axe. — (Boad.).

And *merrily, merrily*, carol the gales.² — (Sea-f.).

Laughingly, laughingly.³ — (Merman).

¹ We have found no fewer than 82 cases of successive repetition of one word.

² Cf. Shakespeare's *Tempest*, V., 1: "Merrily, merrily shall I live now."

³ Cf. Shakespeare's *Much Ado*, V., 3: "Heavily, heavily."

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" was ever a May so fine?—(Window).
Mariner, mariner, furl your sails.—(Sea-f.).
 Have *mercy, mercy*: take away my sin.—(St. Sim.).
Follow, follow the chase.—(Window).
 I *chatter, chatter* as I flow.—(Brook).
Brief, brief is a summer leaf.—(Sp. Lett.).
Low, low, breathe and blow.—(Princ., III.).
Rest, rest on mother's breast.—(Princ., III.).
 O *listen, listen*, your eyes shall glisten.¹—(Sea-f.).
 And then we would *wander away, away*.—(Merman).
 And the hoofs of the horses *beat, beat*.—(Maud, II., 9).
 Go, little letter, *apace, apace*.—(Window).
 Science moves but *slowly, slowly*, creeping on from point to point.
 —(Lock. H.).
 The firefly *wakens*; *waken* thou with me.—(Princ., V.).

Three times we have noted a **double repetition** of two different words in the same line:

Take, take,—break, break.—(Window).
 O the *dreary, dreary* moorland! O the *barren, barren* shore.—
 (Lock. H.).
 O *swallow, swallow, flying, flying* South.—(Princ., III.).

One word is sometimes repeated **three times** in succession:

O, *love, love, love*!—(Fat.).
 O *mother, mother, mother*!—(Lady Cl.).
 O *death, death, death*, thou ever floating cloud.—(Enone).
 Maud is *here, here, here*!—(Maud, I., 12).
 Ever *on, on, on*.—(Window).
 And *hollow, hollow, hollow*, all delight.—(Pass. of A.).
 And *whit, whit, whit*, in the bush beside me chirrup the nightin-
 gale.—(Grdm.).
Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and sea.—(Rizp.).
 Answer, echoes, *dying, dying, dying*.—(Princ., IV.).

The treble repetition is sometimes

1.—Either **interrupted**:

Beat upon mine, little heart! beat, beat.—(Rown.).
Mine, mine, for ever, ever *mine*.—(Maud, CXXIX.).

¹ Note how forcibly the effect of repetition is enhanced by the inner rhyme in these four examples.

2.—Or contained in two lines :

And the hoofs of the horse *beat, beat,*

Beat into my scalp and my brain.—(Maud, II., 5).

And keep you *fast*, my Rosalind,

Fast, fast, my wild-eyed Rosalind.—(Ros.).

Clasp and *kiss*,

Kiss, kiss.—(Window).

One word is, of course, seldom repeated four times :

New, new, new, new.—(Throstle).

With *honour, honour, honour, honour* to him.—(D. of Well.).

For it is *ay, ay, ay, ay*.—(Window).

Once there is an intervening word :

Here again, *here, here, here*, happy year.—(Throstle).

Not consecutive repetitions are, of course, much more numerous than successive ones,¹ as affording, no doubt, greater variety.

One word is thus very often repeated twice in one line :

The *sunny* and *sunny* waters.—(Daisy).²

To *dream* and *dream*.—(Lot. E.).

I *plan* and *plan*. (Will Wat.).

She *droopt* and *droopt*.—(Lord of B.).

Answer, darling, *answer*.—(Merl. Viv.).

The *long-haired*, *long-bearded* solitary.—(En. Ard.).

Black-stoled, *black-hooded*.—(M. d'Arth.).

But *dreadful* time, *dreadful* eternity.—(Pal. of A.).

The *long* frost and *longest* night.—(Dedic.).

False hunter and *false* harper.—(Last Tourn.).

Darker than *darkest* pansies.—(M. d'Arth.).

The *loneliest* in a *lonely* sea.—(En. Ard.).

The *snowy* peak and *snow-white* cataract.—(En.).

Where is another, *sweet* as my *sweet*.—(Window).

Beyond our *burial* and our *buried* eyes.—(Ring).

Chanted loudly, *chantered* lowly.—(Lad. of Sh.).

¹ We have counted over a hundred cases.

² In arranging these examples we proceed as far as possible from the shortest to the longest interruptions between the repeated words. Two remarks may be made by anyone perusing this list:—1st, how few are repetitions of *Nouns*, and 2nd, how often repetition of words brings about symmetrical parallelism in the line.

Nothing sudden, nothing single.—(Elean.).
Huge on a huge red horse.—(Ger. En.). ¹
On dewy pastures dewy trees.—(Pal. of A.).
Strong of his hands and strong on his legs.—(Grdm.).
Were it earth in an earthy bed.—(Maud, I., 17).
Those we love first are taken first.—(Old Y.).
To fall and pause, and fall did seem.—(Lot. E.).
Growing and fading and growing upon me.—(Maud, I., 3).
And it brightens and darkens and brightens like my hope.—(Window).
As I grew greater grew with me.—(Com. of Arth.).
Delaying long, delay no more.—(Mem. LXXXIII.).
Life pressing life.—(Lov.'s t.).
Sense avenged by sense.—(Vis. of Sin).
Heart beating time to heart.—Lov.'s t.).
My strength is as the strength of ten.—(Sir. Gal.).
In more of life, true life no more.—(Mem. XXVI.).
And Fancy light from Fancy caught.—(Mem. XXIII.).
My gifts, when gifts of mine could please.—(Lett.).
Still creeping with the creeping hours.—(St. Agnes).
Ever climbing up the climbing wave.—(Lot. E.).
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night.—(Cauteretz).
She, mouldering with the dull earth's mouldering sod.—(Pal. of Art).
Delaying as the tender ash delays.—(Princ., IV.).
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.—(Mem. XI.).
And his cheeks brightened as the foam-bow brightens.—(En.).
Where a silent ocean always broke on a silent shore.—(Mael.).
Rose slowly to music slowly breathed.—(En.).
Should slowly round his orb and slowly grow.—(Elean.).
O breaking heart that will not break.—(Oriana).
I kissed the lips I once had kissed.—(Will Wat.).
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky.—(Mem. CVI.).
Rejoice, small man, in this small world of mine.—(Hol. Gr.).
I, maiden, round thee, maiden, bind my belt.—(Hol. Gr.).
To greet his hearty welcome heartily.—(En. Ard.).
His first babe's first cry.—(En. Ard.).
A princely people's awful princes.—(Daisy).
And crown'd Republic's crowning common sense.—(Queen).

¹ Note in these four examples, and in many others, how the iterative effect is enhanced by an alliterative one; further on, it is enhanced by similarity of sounds (*fall, pause, fall*); elsewhere it is enhanced by similarity of endings (*brightens, darkens, brightens*). Hence one may perceive what an inexhaustible store of subtle, though effective, musical devices (nay, the more bewitchingly effective when the more unconsciously felt) a refined artist in verse may resort to, even within the narrow limits of repetition, besides the blunt old forms of rhyme and rhythm.

Those *old* portraits of *old* Kings.—(Day-dr.).
Blissful bride of a *blissful* heir.—(Alex.).
Stainless bride of a *stainless* king.—(Merl. Viv.).
 A *priceless* goblet with a *priceless* wine.—(Lov.'s t., IV.).
 The *dead* weight of the *dead* leaf.—(En. Ard.).
 Were *fixed* shadows of the *fixed* mood.—(Isab.).
 The *wise* indifference of the *wise*.—(Dedic.).
 A *perfect* form in *perfect* rest.—(Day-dr.).
 A *dismal* hostel in a *dismal* land.—(Sir Gal.).
 A *broken* chancel with a *broken* cross.—(M. d'Arth.).
 Tired eyelids upon *tired* eyes.—(Lot. E.).
 The *naked* sword athwart the *naked* throat.—(Pall.).
 And *white* against the cold *white* sky.—(Dy. Sw.).
 On the *waste* sand by the *waste* sea.—(Pass. of Arth.).
 In the *green* valley under the *green* hill.—(En.).
 Was the *common* clay taken from the *common* earth.—(Mem.).
 And *starlike* mingles with the *stars*.—(Sir Gal.).
 And *mixt* as life is *mixt* with pain.—(Inter. Exh.).
 A *happy* bridesmaid makes a *happy* bride.—(Sonn.).
 The *new* sun rose bringing the *new* year.—(Pass. of Arth.).
Alone at home, nor ventured out *alone*.—(En. Ard.).
Dark my doom was here, and *dark*
 It will be there.—(Bal. Bal.).
Melody in branch and *melody* in mid air.—(Gar. Lyn.).
Winds are loud and *winds* will pass.—(Window).
 A *trifle* makes a dream, a *trifle* makes.—(Sea-dr.).
 Dry *sang* the tackle, *sang* the sail.—(Voy.).
Bark an answer, Britain's raven; *bark* and blacken innumerable.
 —(Boad.).¹

¹ Tennyson, in his emphatic way, is rather fond of the repetition of words from the same root as might be shown by many more examples than the following ones, which sometimes imply a double repetition :

Let us *dream* our *dream* to-day.—(Int. Exh.).
 We will *kiss* sweet *kisses*.—(Sea-f.).
 I *hated* him with a *hate* of hell.—(Sisters).
 Only *reapers*, *reaping* early.—(Lad. of Sh.).
Walks in the *walks* with me.—(Gard. Lyn.).
 With a *comb* of pearl I would *comb* my hair.—(Merman).
 That *life* shall *live* for evermore.—(Mem. XXXIV.).
Struck for himself an evil *stroke*.—(Maud, II., 1).
 I cannot *will* my *will* nor *work* my *work*.—(C. of Arth.).
 Had never *kissed* a *kiss* or *vowed* a *vow*.—(Holy Gr.).
 To *chain* with *chains*, and *bind* with *bands*.—(Buon.).
Dead to the *death* beside me, and *lost* to the *loss* that was mine.—
 (Wreck).
 He *loves* and *hates* with mortal *hates* and *loves*.—(Tires.).

One word is sometimes repeated **three times in one line** :

All-in-all to *all*.—(Will Wat.).

Not at *all* or *all* in *all*.—(Merl.).

Self-reverence, *self-knowledge*, *self-control*.—(Æn.).

Big voice, *big* chest, *big* merciless hands.—(Gar. Lyn.).

I find *hard* rocks, *hard* life, *hard* cheer, or none.—(John Oldc.).

A *faded* silk, a *faded* mantle and a *faded* veil.—(Marr. of Ger.).

Her *golden* hair, her *golden* helm and all her *golden* armour.—(Tires.).

Have *faith*, have *faith* ? we live by *faith*, said he.—(Sea-dr.).

Sleep, my little one, *sleep*, my pretty one, *sleep*.—(Princ., III.).

Storm at the water-gate, *storm* at the Bailey Gate, *storm*.—(Luckn.).

Dead the warrior, *dead* his glory, *dead* the cause in which he died.

—(Sixty y. aft.).

Lies my Amy *dead* in child birth, *dead* the mother, *dead* the child.

—(Sixty y. aft.).

Scorn'd, to be *scorn'd* by one that I *scorn*.—(Maud, I., 13).

And, because *right* is *right*, to follow *right*.—(Æn.).

Good, for *Good* is *good*, he followed, yet he looked beyond the grave.

—(Sixty y. aft.).

Truth, for *Truth* is *truth*, he worshipp'd, being true as he was brave.¹

—(Sixty y. aft.).

One word is even, though seldom, repeated **four times in one line** :

In *love*, if *love* be *love*, if *love* be ours.—(Merl. Viv.).

Like men, *like* manners ; *like* breeds *like*, they say.—(Walk. to M.)

Light *again*, leaf *again*, life *again*, love *again*.—(Throstle).

Love *again*, song *again*, next *again*, young *again*.—(Throstle).

Of a life *without* sun, *without* health, *without* hope, *without* any delight.—(Despair).

No more, *nor* sees, *nor* hears, *nor* speaks, *nor* knows.—(Gar. Lyn.).

One word is often repeated **twice in two successive lines**. This word usually occupies corresponding places in the two lines—especially in the beginning of these two lines ; and thus it does not only link the two lines, but it also brings about some effects of parallelism :

Thought and motion *mingle*,

Mingle ever.—(Elean.).

¹ Note how strongly knitted together those two lines are at once by repetition, parallelism and rhyme.

. . . I *thought* her cold,
Thought her proud. . . .—(Edw. Gr.).
 . . . *wisdom*-bred
 And throne of *wisdom*. . . .—(En.).
 The Gods are *hard* to reconcile ;
 'Tis *hard* to settle order once again.—(Lot. E.).
 And he came to *look* upon her
 And he *look'd* at her and said.—(Lady of B.).
Silver sails all out of the west,
 Under the *silver* moon.—(Princ., III.).

Daily left

The little footprints *daily* washed away.—(En. Ard.).
 So these were wed, and *merrily* rang the bells
 And *merrily* ran the years.—(En. Ard.).
 With *half*-shut eyes ever to seem
 Falling asleep in a *half* dream.—(Lot. E.).
 He could not see the *kindly* human face,
 Nor ever hear a *kindly* voice.—(En. Ard.).
 Hateful is the *dark-blue* sky
 Vaulted o'er the *dark-blue* sea.—(Lot. E.).
 Sweet Emma Moreland of *yonder* town
 Met me walking on *yonder* way.—(Edw. Gr.).
 That holds the *shadow* of a lark
 Hung in the *shadow* of a heaven.—(Mem. XVI.).
Sweetly gleamed the stars
 And *sweet* the vapour-braided blue.—(Lett.).

For the time

Is *pleasant*, and the woods and ways
 Are *pleasant*.—(Mourn.).
Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
 And *dear* the last embrace of our wives.—(Lot. E.).
Lo, falling from my constant mind
Lo, perch'd and wither'd. deaf and blind.—(Fat.).
Saying: "I have hid my feelings. . . ."
Saying: "Dost thou love me, cousin. . . ."—(Lock. H.).
Come, wet-shod alder from the wave,
Come, yews, a dismal coterie.—(Amph.).
Beat, happy stars, timing with things below,
Beat with my heart more blest than heart can tell.—(Maud, I., 18).
Pass, thou death-like type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about.—(Maud, II., 4).
Back from the Breton coast
Back to the dark sea-line.—(Maud, II., 2).
Fold thy palms across thy breast
Fold thine arms. . . .—(A dirge).
Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air.—(L. Brig.).
Many suns arise and set
Many a chance the years beget.—(Mill.'s d.).

Suddenly set it wide to find a sign
Suddenly put her finger on the text.—(En. Ard.).
Baby lips will laugh me down . . .
Baby fingers . . .—(Lock. H.).
Parks with oak and chestnut shades
Parks and order'd gardens.—(Lord of B.).
Faint shadows, vapours lightly curl'd
Faint murmurs from the meadows come.—(Day-dr.).
Pure spaces cloth'd in living beams
Pure lilies of eternal peace.—(Sir Gal.).
And *sweet* is the colour of cove and dale
And *sweet* shall your welcome be.—(Sea-f.).
A *hollow* echo of my own,
A *hollow* form with empty hands.—(Mem. III.).
But Vivian . . . sat, heard, watch'd,
And *whisper'd* ; thro' the peaceful court she crept,
And *whisper'd*.—(Merl. Viv.).
Strange, that I felt so gay
Strange, that I tried to-day.—(Maud, XX.).

One word is not unfrequently repeated **three times** in **two successive lines** ; and often with some parallelism :

Cruel, cruel, the words I said ;
Cruelly come they back to-day.—(Edw. Gr.).
And keep you *fast*, my Rosalind,
Fast, fast, my wild-eyed Rosalind.—(Ros.).
Blow, bugle, *blow*, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle ; answer.—(Princ., IV.).
Tears, idle *tears* ; I know not what they mean,
Tears, from the depth of some divine despair.—(Princ., IV.).
She was *dark-hair'd*, *dark-eyed*,
Oh ! such *dark* eyes !—(Lov.'s t.).
But *manifold* entreaties, *many* a tear,
Many a sad kiss.—(En. Ard.).
Just *sorrow*, only *sorrow's* shade,
Keeps real *sorrow* far away.—(Marg.).
In a *boundless* universe
Is *boundless* better, *boundless* worse.—(Two v.).
Of *something* felt, like *something* here,
Of *something* done, I know not where.—(Two v.).
Yet *sleeps* a dreamless *sleep* to me,
A *sleep* by kisses undissolved.—(Day-dr.).
A *star* in heaven, a *star* within the mere,
Ay, ay, O ay, a *star* was my desire.—(Last Tourn.).
I cannot *love* thee as I ought,
For *love* reflects the thing *beloved*.—(Mem. LII.).
I would *kiss* them often under the sea,
And *kiss* them again till they *kiss'd* me.—(Sea-f.).

A shipwreck'd *sailor* waiting for a *sail*,
 No *sail* from day to day.—(En. Ard.).
 And heard the Spirits of the waste and weald
Moan as she fled, or thought she heard them *moan*
 And on herself she *moan'd*.—(Guin.).
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, *cold*
 Are all thy lights, and *cold* my wrinkled feet.—(Tith.).
 O *poor* mother,
 And you, *poor* desolate father, and *poor* me.—(Ring.).
Lord over nature, *Lord* of the visible earth,
Lord of the senses five.—(Pal. of A.).
Dear to Science, *dear* to Art
Dear to thy land and ours.—(Id. K. ; ded.).
 Most *weary* seem'd the sea, *weary* the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.—(Lot. E.).
 For these are *His*, and all the field is *His*,
 And I myself am *His*.—(Ger. En.).
 He waked for *both*, he pray'd for *both* ; he slept
 Dreaming of *both*.—(Lov.'s t.).
 Folding *each other*, breathing on *each other*,
 Dreaming together (dreaming of *each other*).—(Lov.'s t.).
There's many a black black eye, . . .
There's Margaret and Mary, *there's* Kate and Caroline.—(May Q.).

One word is sometimes repeated **four and even five times in two successive lines** :

With *honour*, *honour*, *honour* to him,
 Eternal *honour* to his name.—(D. of Well.).
 And he *meant*, he said he *meant*,
 Perhaps he *meant*, or partly *meant*, you well.—(Sea-f.).
Watch'd even there ; and one was set to *watch*
 The *watcher*, and Sir Aylmer *watch'd* them all.—(Aylm.'s f.).
 My *tears*, no *tears* of love, are flowing fast,
 No *tears* of love, but *tears* that love can die.—(Poland).
Love her for the *love* she bore,
 No, she never *loved* me truly : *love* is *love* for evermore.—(Lock. H.).
 But *homeward*—*home*—what *home* ? Had he a *home* ?
 His *home*, he walk'd.—(En. Ard.).

One word is sometimes repeated **three, four, five, or even six times in three successive lines**, with or without any parallelism ; parallelism being, as usual, more frequent when the repetition is at the beginning of the line :

With *many* a curve my banks I fret,
 By *many* a field and fallow,
 And *many* a fairy foreland set.—(Brook).

And o'er them *many* a sliding star,
 And *many* a merry wind was borne,
 And, stream'd thro' *many* a golden bar.—(Day-dr.).
 And I was left *alone* within the bower;
 And from that time to this I am *alone*,
 And I shall be *alone* until I die.—(En.).
 Beyond a line of *heights*, and *higher*,
 All barr'd with long white cloud, the scornful crags,
 And, *highest*, snow and fire.—(Pal. of A.).
 For shone the fields of *May* thro' open door,
 The sacred altar blossom'd white with *May*,
 The sun of *May* descended on their king.—(Com of Arth.).
 Over the thorns and briers,
 Over the meadows and stiles,
 Over the world to the end of it.—(Window).
 There where I hoped myself to reign as king.
 There where that day I crown'd myself as king,
 There in the realm and even on my throne.—(Lov.'s t.).
 How dimly character'd and slight,
 How dwarf'd a growth of cold and night,
 How blanch'd with dark must I grow.—(Mem. LXI.).
 And *all* we met was fair,
 And *all* was good that time could bring,
 And *all* the secret.—(Mem. XXIII.).
 Perchance, to lull the throbs of pain,
 Perchance, to charm a vacant brain,
 Perchance, to dream you still beside me.—(Daisy).
 Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
 Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
 Old faces call'd her from without.—(Mariana).
 Leaving the dance and song,
 Leaving the olive gardens far below,
 Leaving the promise of my bridal bower.—(Fair Wom.).
 The *blaze* upon the waters to the east,
 The *blaze* upon his island overhead,
 The *blaze* upon the waters to the west.—(En. Ard.).

A life of *nothings*, *nothing* worth,
 From that first *nothing* ere his birth
 To that last *nothing* under earth.—(Two v.).
 Of *utter* hardihood, *utter* gentleness,
 And, loving, *utter* faithfulness in love,
 And *uttermost* obedience to the king.—(Gar. Lyn.).
 And *struck* me, madman, over the face,
Struck me before the languid fool,
Struck for himself an evil blow.—(Maud, II., 7).
 I fain would *follow* love, if that could be.
 I needs must *follow* death who calls for me,
 Call and I *follow*, I *follow*; let me die.—(Lanc. El.).

Science moves but *slowly, slowly*, creeping on from point to point,
Slowly comes a hungry people as a lion creeping nigher and
 Glares at one that nods and winks behind a *slowly* dying fire.
 Remember what a plague of *rain* ; [(Lock. H.).
Rain at Reggio, *rain* at Parma,
 At Lodi *rain* ; Piacenza, *rain*.—(Daisy).

New leaf, *new* life, the days of frost are o'er ;
New life, *new* love, to suit the *newer* day ;
New loves are sweet as those that went before.—(Last Tourn.).
Me the wife of rich Prasutagus, *me* the lover of liberty,
Me they seized and *me* they tortured, *me* they lash'd and humiliated,
Me the sport of ribald Veterans, mine of ruffian violators.—(Boad.).
 And you liken,—boyish *babble*,—this boy-love of yours with mine.
 I myself have often *babbled* doubtless of a foolish past ;
Babble, babble ; our old England may go down in *babble* at last.
 (Sixty years after).

Four, five or more lines, sometimes forming long portions of poems and either arranged in stanzas or not, are often thus linked by **more or less scattered repetitions** of words.

Pale with the golden beam of an eyelash dead on the cheek,
 Passionless, *pale*, cold face, star-sweet on a gloom profound.

. . . And ever as *pale* as before.—(Maud, I., 3).

There is sweet *music* here that softer falls,

Music that gentlier . . .
Music that brings sweet sleep . . .—(Lot. E.).

And *hushes* half the babbling Wye,
 And makes a silence in the hills. . . .
 The Wye is *hush'd* nor moved along,
 And *hush'd* my deepest grief of all.—(Mem. XIX.).

You, the Mighty, the Fortunate,
You, the Lord-territorial,
You, the Lord manufacturer,
You, the hardy, laborious.—(Jubileè).

Why grew we then together in one plot ?
Why fed we from one fountain ? drew one sun ?
Why were our mother's branches of one stem ?
Why were we one in all things, save in that ?—(Lov.'s t., II.).

Phantom sound of blows descending, moan of an enemy massacred,
Phantom wail of women and children, multitudinous agonies,
 Bloodily flow'd the Tamesa rolling *phantom* bodies of horses and men ;
 Then a *phantom* colony smoulder'd on the reflux estuary. (Boad.).

O *sweet* is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
 And *sweeter* is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,
 And *sweet* is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
 And *sweeter* far is death than life to me that long to go.

(May Q., III.).

Blood-red, and sliding down the blacken'd marsh,
Blood-red, and on the naked mountain-top,
Blood-red, and on the sleeping mere below,
Blood-red.—(Holy Gr.).

Two heads in council, *two* beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life,
Two plummets dropt for one to sound the abyss.—(Princ., II.).

Be *merry*, all birds, to-day,
 Be *merry* on earth as you were never *merry* before.
 Be *merry* in heaven, O larks, and far away,
 And *merry* for ever and ever, and one day more.—(Window).

Take, take,—*break, break*,
Break,—you may *break* my heart.
 Faint heart never won.
Break, break, and all is done.—(Window).

“*Wait* a little,” you say. “You are sure it'll all come right.”
 But the boy was born i' trouble, an' looks so wan an' so white:
Wait! an' once I ha' *waited*,—I hadn't to *wait* for long.
 Now I *wait, wait, wait* for Harry.—(First Q.).

Thine the liberty, *thine* the glory, *thine* the deeds to be celebrated,
Thine the myriad-rolling ocean, light and shadow illimitable,
Thine the lands of lasting summer, many-blossoming Paradises,
Thine the North, and *thine* the South, and *thine* the battle thunder
 of God.—(Boad.).

I, Simeon of the pillar, by surname
 Stylites, among men; *I*, Simeon,
 The watcher on the column till the end;
I, Simeon, whose brain the sunshine bakes;
I, whose bald brows . . .—(St. Sim.).

Glory of warrior, *glory* of orator, *glory* of song,
 Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea;
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong,—
 Nay, but she aim'd not at *glory*, no lover of *glory* she;
 Give her the *glory* of going on, and still to be.—(Wages).

And then he told a long long-winded tale
 Of *how* the Squire had seen the colt at grass,
 And *how* it was the thing his daughter wish'd,
 And *how* he sent the bailiff to the farm
 To learn the price, and what the price he ask'd,
 And *how* the bailiff swore that he was mad.—(Brook).

. . . Told her *fairy* tales,
 Show'd her the *fairy* footings on the grass,
 The little dells of cowslips, *fairy* palms,
 The petty marestail forest, *fairy* pines,

What look'd a flight of *fairy* arrows aim'd.—(Aylm.'s f.).

A *single* church below the hill
 Is pealing, folded in the mist.
 A *single* peal of bells below
 That wakens at this hour of rest.

A *single* murmur in the breast
 That these are not the bells I know.—(Mem. CIV.).

Blasphemy! Whose is the fault? Is it mine? For why would you
 save

A madman to vex you with wretched words, who is best in his
 grave?

Blasphemy! Ay, why not, being damned beyond hope of grace?
 O would I were yonder with her, and away from your faith and
 your face!

Blasphemy! True! I have scared you pale with my scandalous
 talk,

But the *blasphemy* to my mind lies all in the way you walk.
 (Despair).

But *pity*,—the Pagan held in a vice,—was in her and in me,
 Helpless, taking the place of the *pitying* God that should be!
Pity for all that aches in the grasp of an idiot power,
 And *pity* for our own selves on an earth that bore not a flower,
Pity for all that suffers on land or in air or the deep,
 And *pity* for our own selves till we long'd for eternal sleep.

(Despair).

Nightingales warbled without

Nightingales sang in his woods

Nightingales warbled and sang.—(Gard. Sw.).

Death from their rifle-bullets, and *death* from their cannon-balls,
Death in our innermost chamber, and *death* at our slight barricade,
Death while we stood with the musket, and *death* while we stoopt
 with the spade,

Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often there
 fell,

Striking the hospital wall, crashing through it their shot and their
 shell,

Death—for their spies were among us, their marksmen were told of
 our best,

. . .

Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of the street,

Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and *death* in the ground.—(Def. of Luckn.).

Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms,

Ever the labour of fifty that had to be done by five,

Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,

Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loopholes around,

Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the ground.

(Def. of Luckn.).

Forgetful of his promise to the king,

Forgetful of the falcon and the hunt,

Forgetful of the tilt and tournament,

Forgetful of his glory and his name,

Forgetful of his kingdom and its cares,

And this *forgetfulness* was hateful to her.—(Marr. of Ger.).

Come, when no graver cares employ,

Godfather, *come*, and see your boy ;

. . .

Come, Maurice, *come*, . . .

. . . *come* for many,

Many and many a happy year.—(To Maur.).

Come, wear the form by which I know,

. . .

Come: not in watches of the night,

But where the sunbeam broodeth warm.

Come, beauteous in thine after-form

And like a finer light in light. — (Mem. XCI.).

Gone !

Gone, till the end of the year,

Gone, and the light *gone* with her, and left me in the shadow here !

Gone—flitted away,

Taken the stars from the night and the sun from the day !

Gone, and a cloud in my heart, and a storm in the air.—(Window).

Take my *love*, for *love* will come,

Love will come but once a life.

Take my *love* and be my wife.

After-*loves* of maids and men

Are but dainties drest again :

Love me now, you'll *love* me then :

Love can *love* but once a life.—(Window).

· · ·
O sweet new-year *delaying* long,
Thou doest expectant nature wrong ;
Delaying long, *delay* no more.

· · ·
O thou new-year *delaying* long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood.
· · ·—(Mem. LXXXIII.).

It is the *land* that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The *land*, whose girt with friends and foes,
A man may speak the thing he will.

A *land* of settled government,
A *land* of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.—(You ask me).

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace ;
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet.
Nothing comes to thee new or strange.
Sleep full of rest from head to feet ;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.—(To J.S.).

And *now* we lost her, *now* she gleam'd
Like Fancy made of golden air,
Now nearer to the prow she seem'd
Like Virtue firm, like Knowledge fair,
Now high on waves that idly burst
Like Heavenly hope she crown'd the sea,
And *now*, the bloodless point reversed,
She bore the blade of Liberty.—(Voyage).

Thine are those orbs of light and shade ;
Thou *madest* Life in man and brute ;
Thou *madest* Death ; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast *made*.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou *madest* man, he knows not why
He thinks he was not *made* to die ;
And thou hast *made* him : thou art just.—(Mem., Pref.).

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me ;
What seem'd my worth since I began ;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confessions of a wasted youth ;
Forgive them when they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.—(In Mem., Pref.).

She reels not in the storm of warring words,
She brightens at the clash of "Yes" and "No,"
She sees the Best that glimmers thro' the Worst,
She feels the Sun is hid but for a night,
She spies the summer thro' the winter bud,
She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,
She hears the lark within the songless egg,
She finds the fountain where they wail'd "Mirage!"—(Anc. Sage).

And no man there will dare to mock at *me* ;
But there the fine Gawain will wonder at *me*,
And there the great Sir Lancelot muse at *me* ;
Gawain who bad a thousand farewells to *me*,
Lancelot, who coldly went, nor bad *me* one :
And there the King will know *me* and my love,
And there the Queen herself will pity *me*,
And all the gentle court will welcome *me*.—(Lanc. El.).

Gone the fires of youth, the follies, furies, curses, passionate
tears,
Gone like fires and floods and earthquakes of the planet's dawning
day.

Gone the tyrant of my youth, and mute below the chancel stones,
All his virtues,—I forgive them,—black in white above his bones.
Gone the comrades of my bivouac, some in fight against the foe,
Some thro' age and slow diseases, *gone* as all on earth will go.
Gone with whom for forty years my life in golden sequence
ran,

She with all the charm of woman, she with all the breadth of man,

Gone our sailor son, thy father, Leonard, early lost at sea ;

Gone thy tender-natured mother, wearying to be left alone,

Gone for ever ! Ever?—no, for since our dying race began,
Ever, ever, for ever was the leading light of man

Gone the cry of "Forward, forward !" lost within a growing gloom
 Lost, or only heard in silence from the silence of the grave.¹
 (Sixty Years After).

Whole poems are thus linked throughout their stanzas
 by such repetitions of single words :

Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, *sleep* and dream of me :

Sleep, Ellen, folded in thy sister's arm,
 And, *sleeping*, haply dream her arm is mine.

Sleep, Ellen, folded in Emilia's arm ;

Emilia, fairer than else but thou,

For thou art fairer than else that is.

Sleep, breathing health and peace upon her breast ;

Sleep, breathing love and trust against her lip :

I go to-night, I come to-morrow morn.

I go, but I return ; I would I were

The pilot of the darkness and the dream.

Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, love and dream of me.—(Audley Court).

Sweet is true love, tho' given in vain, in vain ;

And *sweet* is death who puts an end to pain :

I know not which is *sweeter*, no, not I.

¹ More scattered repetitions are sometimes none the less effective,
 as in *Columbus* and *Sir John Oldcastle*.

Chains, my good lord . . .

Chains for the Admiral of the Ocean ! *chains* . . .

. . .

. . . *chains* for him.

Chains ! we are Admirals of the Ocean, we . . .—(Columbus).

Took, hang'd and *burnt* . . .

. . .

And *burn'd* alive as heretics . . .

Burnt—good Sir Roger Acton, my dear friend !

. . .

Burnt too, my faithful preacher, Beverley !

. . .

Burnt, burnt ! . . .

. . .

Nay, I can *burn* . . .

. . . Not *burnt* were they.

On them the smell of *burning* had not past.

. . .

And doom'd to *burn* alive. So, caught, I *burn*,

Burn ? . . .—(Sir John Old.).

Love, art thou *sweet*? then bitter death must be :
 Love, thou art bitter ; *sweet* is death to me.
 O Love, if death be *sweeter*, let me die.

Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away,
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay,
 I know not which is *sweeter*, no, not I.—(Lanc. El.).

A *rose*, but one, none other *rose* had I,
 A *rose*, one *rose*, and this was wondrous fair,
 One *rose*, a *rose* that gladen'd earth and sky,
 One *rose*, my *rose*, that sweeten'd all mine air—
 I cared not for the thorns, the thorns were there.

One *rose*, a *rose* to gather by and by,
 One *rose*, a *rose* to gather and to wear,
 No *rose* but one—what other *rose* had I ?
 One *rose*, my *rose*, a *rose* that will not die,—
 He dies who loves it,—if the worm be there.—(Pell. Ett.).

Late, *late*, so *late* ! and dark the night and chill !
Late, *late*, so *late* ! but we can enter still.
 Too *late*, too *late* ! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we : for that we do repent ;
 And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.
 Too *late*, too *late* ! ye cannot enter now.

No light : so *late* ! and dark and chill the night !
 O let us in, that we may find the light !
 Too *late*, too *late* ; ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet ?
 O let us in, tho' *late*, to kiss his feet !
 No, no, too *late* ! ye cannot enter now.—(Guin.).

Calm is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a *calmer* grief,
 And only thro' the faded leaf
 The chestnut pattering to the ground.

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
 And on these dews that drench the furze,
 And all the silvery gossamers
 That twinkle into-green and gold.

Calm and still light on yon great plain,
 That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
 And crowded farms and lessening towers,
 To mingle with the bounding main.

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
 These leaves that redden to the fall ;
 And in my heart, if *calm* at all,
 If any *calm*, a *calm* despair.

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
 And waves that sway themselves in rest,
 And dead *calm* in that noble breast
 Which heaves but with the heaving deep.¹—(Mem. XI.).

As may have been noted in some of the foregoing quotations, repetitions of words are far from being always simple; they are very often more or less complex, various repetitions being either **successive**, or **alternate**, or even sometimes very **intricate**. Here are some more striking instances than the ones already quoted:

Trouble on *trouble*, *pain* on *pain*.—(Lot. E.).
 From *love* to *love*, from *home* to *home* you go.—(Alexandrovna).
 With *dear Love's* tie makes *Love* itself more *dear*.—(Maud, XVIII.).
Cannon-shot, *musket-shot*, *volley* on *volley*, and *yell* on *yell*.—
 (Luckn.).

Yet *loves* and *hates* with mortal *hates* and *loves*.—(Tires.).
 Held converse *sweet* and *low*,—*low* converse *sweet*.—(Lov.'s t.).

A nostril *large* and *fine* and high,
Large, fair and *fine*.—(Gar. Lyn.).

And so she throve and *prosper'd*; so three years
 She *prosper'd*.—(Pal. of A.).

Sun comes, *moon comes*;
Sun sets, *moon sets*.

Bark and answer, Britain's raven; *bark* and *blacken* innumerable.
Blacken round the Roman carrion.—(Boad.).

My bride to be, *my* ever more delight,
My own heart's heart, *my* ownest own.—(Maud, XVIII.).

Strange to me, and *sweet*,
Sweet, tho' *strange* years to know.—(Lov.'s t.).

And *suddenly*, *sweetly*, strangely blushed,
 And *suddenly*, *sweetly*, my heart beat stronger.—(Maud, VIII.).

Certain, if *knowledge* bring the *sword*,
 That *knowledge* takes the *sword* again.—(Love thou thy land).

Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow,
Sleep, gentle winds, as he *sleeps* now.—(Mem. X.).

Aloft the mountain-lawn was *dewy-dark*,
 And *dewy-dark* aloft the mountain peak.—(En.).

Peace and goodwill, goodwill and *peace*,
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.—(Mem. XXVIII.).

Lost myself,—lay like the *dead* by the *dead* on the cabin floor,
Dead to the *death* beside me, and *lost* to the *loss* that was mine.
 (Wreck).

¹ Cf. the famous poem of "In Memoriam":
 Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky.

My *eyes* are full of tears, my *heart* of love,
My *heart* is breaking, and my *eyes* are dim.—(En.).¹

And *Fancy* light from *Fancy* caught
And *Thought* leapt out to *wed* with *Thought*
Ere *Thought* could *wed* itself with *Speech*.—(Mem. XXIII.).

I will *grow* round him in his place,
Grow, live, *die*, looking on his face,
Die, *dying* clasp'd in his embrace.—(Fat.).

And *strangely* on the *silence* broke
The *silent* speaking words, and *strange*
Was love's dumb cry *defying* change
To test his worth ; and *strangely* spoke.—(Mem.).

So *rich*, so *strange*, and *stranger* even than *rich* ;
But *rich* as the nuptials of a king,
And *stranger* yet.—(Lov.'s t., IV.).

Beat upon *mine*, little heart, *beat*, *beat* !
Beat upon *mine*, you are *mine*, my *sweet* !
All *mine* from your pretty blue eyes to your feet,
My sweet.—(Romn.).

But even were the *griefs* of little ones
As *great* as those of *great* ones, yet this *grief*
Is added to the *griefs* the *great* must bear.—(Guin.).

My *name*, once *mine*, now *thine*, is closer *mine*,
For *fame*, could *fame* be *mine*, that *fame* were *thine*,
And *shame*, could *shame* be *thine*, that *shame* were *mine*.
(Merl. Viv.).

Self-reverence, *self-knowledge*, *self-control*,
These three alone lead *life* to sovereign *power*,
Yet not for *power* (*power* of herself
Would come uncall'd for) but to *live* by *law*,
Acting the *law* we *live* by without fear ;
And, because *right* is *right*, to follow *right*.—(En.).

Vine, *vine* and *eglantine*,
Cannot a *flower* be *mine* ?
Rose, *rose* and *clematis*,
Drop me a *flower*, a *flower* to *kiss*,
Kiss, *kiss*,—and out of her bower
All of *flowers*, a *flower*, a *flower*,
Dropt, a *flower*.—(Window).

O *Swallow*, *Swallow*, *flying*, *flying* South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And *tell* her, *tell* her, what I *tell* to thee.

¹ This sort of both double and alternate repetition is a favourite one with Swinburne, as might be ascertained by the most casual perusal of his poems.

O tell her, *Swallow*, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the *South*,
And dark and true and tender is the *North*.

O *Swallow*, *Swallow*, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would *pipe* and trill
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

O were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her *heart*
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

Why lingereth she to clothe her *heart* with *love*,
Delaying as the *tender* ash *delays*
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green.

O tell her, *Swallow*, that thy brood is flown ;
Say to her, I do but wanton in the *South*,
But in the *North* long since my nest is made.

O tell her, *brief* is life, but *love* is long,
And *brief* the sun of summer in the *North*,
And *brief* the moon of beauty in the *South*.

O *Swallow*, *flying* from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and *pipe* and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her that I follow thee.¹—(Princ., IV.).

The characteristic **repetition of proper names**, especially feminine ones, in many of Tennyson's poems, chiefly early ones, clearly shows the suggestive importance he ascribes to their sonorous or rhythmical value.

Isabel is repeated twice :

Revered *Isabel*,
Crown'd *Isabel*.

Madeline, three times :

Every varying *Madeline*.

Margaret, six times :

O sweet, pale *Margaret*,
O rare, pale *Margaret*,
Margaret.
Exquisite *Margaret*,
O sweet, pale *Margaret*,
O rare, pale *Margaret*.

¹ Cf. in *The Ancient Sage* the passage beginning "Thou canst not prove the Nameless, O my son. . . ."

Adeline, seven times :

Faintly smiling *Adeline*,
 Shadowy, dreaming *Adeline*,
 Spiritual *Adeline*,
 Adeline.
 Shadowy, dreaming *Adeline*,
 Adeline.
 Spiritual *Adeline*.

Lilian, eight times :

Airy, fairy *Lilian*,
 Flitting, fairy *Lilian*,
 Cruel little *Lilian*,
 May *Lilian*,
 May *Lilian*,
 May *Lilian*,
 Airy *Lilian*,
 Fairy *Lilian*.

Rosalind, nine times :

My *Rosalind*, my *Rosalind*,
 My *Rosalind*, my *Rosalind*.
 My falcon *Rosalind*,
 My *Rosalind*,
 My *Rosalind*,
 My *Rosalind*,
 My wild-eyed *Rosalind*.¹

Kate, "gallant Kate," eleven times, like Eleanor, "serene, imperial Eleanor."

Oriana is repeated four times as a burden in each one of its eleven stanzas, Alexandrovna ten times in its five stanzas, Lady Clara Vere de Vere nine times as an initial burden, and Ida in *Enone* fourteen times as a kind of initial burden, with variants :

O mother *Ida*, many-fountain'd *Ida*,
 Dear mother *Ida*.

Later on, the name of "*sweet Emma Moreland*" is repeated three times and that of "*Ellen Adair*" six times in the ballad of Edward Gray.

The "Grandmother" fondly repeats sixteen times the dear name of *Annie*, just as the doting hero of Locksley Hall dwells upon that of *Amy* :

Amy loved me, *Amy* failed me, *Amy* was a timid child.—(Sixty years after).

¹ Cf. the regular repetition of *Rosalind* at the end of every second line of the song in "As you like it" (Act II., Sc. 2).

Even in the Idylls of the King we find :

Enid, the pilot star of my lone life,

Enid, my early and my only love.

Enid, the loss of whom hath turn'd me wild.—(Ger. En.).

Lancelot and Elaine begins with :

Elaine, the fair, *Elaine*, the lovable,

Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat.¹

But nothing equals in any other poem the forty-three repetitions of the name of Maud, whose very sound seems to be for her morbid lover an inexhaustible source of passionate inspiration :

Maud with the venturous climbings and tumbles and childish escapes,

Maud the delight of the village, the ringing joy of the Hall,

Maud . . .

Maud . . .

Maud with her exquisite face,

Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,

Whom but *Maud* should I meet ?

Whom but *Maud* should I meet ?

Maud, *Maud*, *Maud*, *Maud*.

Where was *Maud* ?

Maud is here, here, here.

Maud is not seventeen,

O *Maud* were sure of Heaven,

Where is *Maud*, *Maud*, *Maud* ?

And *Maud* is true as *Maud* is sweet.

Maud to him is akin to nothing.

Maud has a garden of roses,

Maud's own little oak-room,

Which *Maud*, like a precious stone,

Upon *Maud*'s own garden-gate.

. . . *Maud* my bliss,

Maud made my *Maud* . . .

To gentle *Maud* . . .

¹ Tristram suggests a reason for such fond repetitions of feminine names :

Did I love her ? the name at least I loved.

Isolt ?—I fought his battles, for *Isolt* !

The night was dark ; the true star set. *Isolt* !

The name was ruler of the dark,—*Isolt* ?—(Last Tourn.).

And *Maud* too, *Maud* was moved,
Where only *Maud* and her brother,
That *Maud*'s dark father

When *Maud* was born
Kind to *Maud*

Maud

For, *Maud*

And *Maud*

At *Maud*

Queen *Maud*

Forgetful of *Maud*

My *Maud*

Come into the garden, *Maud*

Come into the garden, *Maud*

A word is often repeated with the addition of one or more words or even of a whole phrase. This repetition implying development has been called by Prof. Gunmere **incremental repetition**.¹ Examples of it in Tennyson range as usual from the simplest form to the most complex ones:

Low, very *low*.—(All th.).

Deeper, ever so little *deeper*.—(Maud, II., 3.).

Death, dark *death*.—(Lot. E.).

Tears, idle *tears*.—(Princ., IV.).

On *Cobham*, on the good Lord *Cobham*.—(Sir J. Old.).

The *Muse*, the jolly *Muse*.—(Will Wat.).

Her *eyes*, her eloquent *eyes*.—(Lov.'s t., II.).

With all my *heart*, with my full *heart*.—(Princ., I.).

For *me*, for such as *me*.—(Supp. Conf.).

My *lips*,

These favour'd *lips* of mine.—(Will Wat.).

And the *face*,

The very form and *face* of Lionel.—(Lov.'s t., II.).

O *Soul*, make merry and carouse,

Dear *Soul*, for all is well.—(Pal. of A.).

But *spring*, a newcomer,

A *spring*, rich and strange.—(Noth.).

Earth goes to earth with *grief*, not fear,

With hopeful *grief*.—(Supp. Conf.).

Keen and bright,

Keen with triumph.—(Rosal.).

¹ This very primitive form of repetition is, of course, a characteristic feature of early poems. See, for instance, the beginning of *Oriana*.

Vext . . .

Vext with waste dreams.—(Com. of Arth.).

Sick, sick to the heart of life.—(Maud, I., 10).

Sick, I am *sick* of a jealous dread.—(Maud, X.).

Scorn'd, to be *scorn'd* by one that I scorn.—(Maud, I., 13.).

Well, 'tis *well* that I should bluster.—(Lock. H.).

Break, you may *break* my heart.—(Window).

She *sail'd*,

Sail'd from this port.—(En. Ard.).

Fly,

Fly to the light in the valley below.—(Window).

Blow,

Blow him again to me.—(Princ., III.).

And *drank*, and loyally *drank* to him.—(Grandm.).

And *strike*,

Strike dead the whole weak race of venomous worms.—(Maud, II., 1).

She *heard*,

Heard and not *heard* him.—(En. Ard.).

And *hugg'd*, never *hugg'd* him close enough.—(Princ., VI.).

Men were *drinking* together,

Drinking and talking of me.—(Maud, I., 3).

Often they *came* to the door,

They *came* and sat by my chair.—(Grandm.).

Took and *hang'd*,

Took, *hang'd* and burnt.—(Sir John Old.).

To faint and *fall*,

To *fall* and die away.—(Lov.'s t., II.).

The flower *ripens* in its place,

Ripens and fades and falls.—(Lot. E.).

In *height*,

In *height* and cold.—(Princ., VII.).

Riding at set of day,

Rapidly *riding* far away.—(Maud, I., 9).

A love of *Freedom* rarely felt,

Of *Freedom* in her regal seat.—(Mem. CIX.).

And how like a *Nymph*,

A stately mountain *nymph* she look'd.—(Lov.'s t.).

And *peace* be yours, the *peace* of soul in soul.—(Alexandrovna).

The *names*,

Long learned *names* of agaric, moss and fern.—(Edw. Morris).

The *wood*,

Our *wood* that is dearer than all.—(Maud, I., 32).

Backward they reel'd, like the *wave*, like the *wave* flinging forward again.—(Luckn.).

Three *days* since, three more dark *days* of the Godless gloom.—(Despair).

Beneath the *moon*,

The balmy *moon* of blessed Israel.—(Fair Wom.).

As the noise of the *mourning* of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall.—(D. of Well.).
 Among her *stars* to hear us : *stars* that hung Love-charm'd to listen.
 — (Maud, I., 32).

I was walking a *mile*,
 More than a *mile* from the shore.—(Maud, I., 9).
 But such a *blast*, my King, began to blow,
 So loud a *blast* along the sea and shores.—(Holy Gr.).
 Give us long rest or *death*, dark *death* or dreamful ease.—(Lot. E.).
 Yet he *hoped* to purchase glory,
Hoped to make the name
 Of his vessel great in story.—(Captain).

Left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and *left* me with the jaundiced eye.
 (Lock. H.).

In the dreadful *dust* that once was man,
Dust, as he said, that once was loving *hearts*,
Hearts that had beat with such a love as mine.—(Lov.'s t., IV.).

How *thin* and *clear*,
 And *thinner*, *clearer*, farther going ! —(Princ., IV.).

I had lain as *dead*,
Mute, *blind* and motionless as then I lay ;
Dead, for henceforth there was no life for me !
Mute, for henceforth what use were words to me !
Blind, for the day was as the *night* to me !
 The *night* to me was kinder than the *day* ;
 The *night* in pity took away my *day*. — (Lov.'s tale).

Such a feast,
 So *rich*, so *strange*, and *stranger* even than rich,
 But *rich* as for the nuptials of a King,
 And *stranger* yet.—(Lov.'s t., IV.).

And the *woods* and the *meadows*,
Woods where we hid from the wet.

Meadows in which we met.—(Wind.).

And merrily ran the *years*, *seven happy years*,
Seven happy years of health and competence.—(En. Ard.).

Four bells instead of one began to ring,
Four merry bells, *four merry-marriage bells*,

A *long loud clash* of *rapid marriage bells*.—(Lover's t.).
 She says he is *rough* but *kind*.

Kind ? but the deathbed desire
 Spurn'd by this heir of the liar—
Rough but *kind* ? yet I know
 He has plotted against me in this
 That he plots against me still.

Kind to Maud? that were not amiss.
Well, *rough* but *kind*; why, let it be so;
For shall not Maud have her will?—(Maud, I., 19).
Clear and *bright* it should be ever,

Bright as light, and *clear* as wind.—(Poet's mind).
Dear, *near* and *true*—no *truer* time himself
Can prove you, tho' he make you evermore
Dearer and *nearer*.¹—(Dedic.).

II.—REPETITION OF PHRASES.

PHRASES,² instead of words, are repeated with similar effects.

The repetition often takes place **twice or three times in one line**, and is either **consecutive** or not. When consecutive, the repetend³ often forms the two halves of the line.

My nurse, my nurse.—(Lady Clare).
But mine, but mine.—(Maud, I., 22).
Low adown, low adown.—(Mermaid).
To bury me, bury me.—(Maud, II., 3).
Let all be well, be well.—(Maud, I., 18).
But I will love no more, no more.—(Edw. Gray).
And I would lie so light, so light.—(Mill's d.).
And she is grown so dear, so dear.—(Mill's d.).
And he for Italy too late, too late.—(Brook).
Sweet is true love, tho' given in vain, in vain.—(Lanc. El.).
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.—(Princ., IV.).
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold.—(Lady Clare).
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow.—(Lock. H.).
Comfort her, comfort her all things good.—(Maud, II., 2).
Half a league, half a league.—(Light Brig.).
Sweet and low, sweet and low.—(Princ., III.).
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest.—(Princ., III.).

¹ These kinds of both incremental and alternate repetitions are also very common in Swinburne's works.

² We merely mean by *phrases* groups of two, three or more words. However, we hardly take into account such slight cases as the following ones, which are rather mere repetitions of words:—*The form, the form* alone is eloquent (Poland); *A jewel, a jewel*, dear to a lover's eye (Window); *I have been to blame, to blame* (Dora).

³ By *repetend* is meant the word, phrase, line, etc., that is repeated.

Behind the veil, behind the veil.—(Mem. LVI.).
The wind and the wet, the wind and the wet.—(Window).
The mist and the rain, the mist and the rain.—(Window).
A year hence, a year hence.—(Window).
Shame and marriage, shame and marriage.—(Forlorn).
All the world o'er, all the world o'er.—(Sea-f.).
Wait a little, wait a little.—(Window).
Keep watch and ward, keep watch and ward.—(Maud, I., 9).
The fault was mine, the fault was mine.—(Maud, II., 2).
They are all to blame, they are all to blame.—(Sail. b.).
She flies too high, she flies too high.—(Princ., V.).
Is it ay or no? is it ay or no?—(Window).
Is this the end? is this the end?—(Mem. XII.).
Summer is coming, summer is coming.—(Throstle).
And the boat went down that night, and the boat went down that night.—(First Q.).
Not her, not her, but a voice.—(Maud, I., 9).
The woods decay, the woods decay and fall.—(Tithonus).
You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear.—(May Q.).
Call and I follow, I follow.—(Lanc. El.).
Wet west wind, how you blow, you blow.—(Window).
But am I not, am I not here alone?—(Maud, I., 5).
The red rose cries: "She is near, she is near."—(Maud, I., 22).
It will ring in my heart and my ears, till I die, till I die.—(Maud, II., 1).
Down in the South is a flash and a groan: She is there! she is there!—(Window).
Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians.
"Follow!" and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill.—(Heavy Brig.).
She has kill'd him, has kill'd him, has kill'd him.—(Bandit's d.).
Whither away, whither away, whither away? fly no more.—(Sea-f.).
Ah! God, should we find Him, perhaps, perhaps, if we died, if we died.—(Despair).

When the repetition is not consecutive, the repetend is either complete or partial :

For ever and for ever.—(May Q.).
Come hither to me and to me.—(Sea-f.).
And my thoughts are as quick and as quick.—(Window).
Hear me, O earth! hear me, O hills, O caves.—(En.).
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.—(Grandm.).
But the tongue is a fire, as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fire.—(Grandm.).
Kind, like a man, was he; like a man, too, would have his son.—(Grdm.).
Let Lancelot know, my King, let Lancelot know.—(Gar. Lyn.).

When partial, non-consecutive repetends are either shortened, or altered into variants :

They beat me for that, they beat me.—(Rizp.).

Ye are in my power at last, are in my power.—(Ger. En.).

For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen.—(May Q.).

O cursed hand, O cursed blow.—(Oriana).

O weary life ! O weary death.—(Conf.).

Perhaps from madness, perhaps from crime.—(Maud, I., 16).

Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven.—(St. Sim.).

Four gray walls and four gray towers.—(Pal. of A.).

So light of foot, so light of spirit.—(Gard.'s d.).

Bright black eyes, bright black hair.—(Kate).

For thee she grew, for thee she grows.—(Mem. CXXXII.).

It crosses here, it crosses there.—(Maud, II., 4).

She left the web, she left the loom.—(Lady of Sh.).

I met with scoffs, I met with scorns.—(Mem. LXIX.).

They call'd me fool, they call'd me child.—(Mem. LXIX.).

She went by dale, and she went by down.—(Lady Cl.).

Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains.—
(Lock. H.).

Left me with the palsied heart, left me with the jaundiced eye.—
(Lock. H.).

Lo their colony half defended ! Lo their colony, Camulodune.—
(Boad.).

Who is it loves me ? Who loves not me ?—(Mermaid).

Poor old Heraldry, poor old History, poor old Poetry, passing hence.
—(Sixty y. aft.).

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I knew

The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn.—(Fair Wom.).

Consecutive repetitions sometimes occur in **two consecutive lines**, sometimes with a slight interruption or a variant.

Dead, long dead,

Long dead.—(Maud, II., 9).

From me,

From me, Heaven's Queen.—(En.).

My mother dear,

My mother dear.—(Lady Clare).

Half a league, half a league,

Half a league onward.—(Light Brig.).

All of flowers, and drop me a flower,

Drop me a flower.—(Window).

Bury the great Duke,

Let us bury the great Duke.—(D. of Well.).

Let us go,

Come, let us go.—(Mem. IX.).

But *they kill'd him*,
They kill'd him for robbing the mail.—(Rizp.).

The sea is his,
The sea is his.—(En. Ard.).

And come, *for Love is of the valley*,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down.—(Princ., VII.).
 To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time *of all the glad New Year*.
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day.

(May Q.).

Love took up the harp of Time, and *smote* on all *the chords* with might,
Smote the chords of Self.—(Lock. H.).

Now droops the milk-white peacock *like a ghost*,
 And *like a ghost* she glimmers on to me.—(Princ., V.).

All this hath been before,
All this hath been . . . (Sonnet I.).

Initial repetitions in consecutive lines are much more frequent than others, and often bring about some parallelism. The linking of these lines is, moreover, often reinforced either by alliteration or by rhymes:

Honour the charge they made,
Honour the Light Brigade.—(Light Br.).

Glory to each and all . . .
Glory to all the three hundred.—(Heavy Br.).

Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.—(Vis. of S.).

Once more the gate behind me falls,
Once more before my face . . . —(Talk. O.).

How oft we saw . . .
How oft the purple . . . —(Voy.).

How may full-sailed verse express,
How may measured words adore.—(Elean.).

Why had I sent the ring at first to her?
Why had I made her love me thro' the ring?—(Ring.).

For years a merciless ill,
For years, for ever, to part.—(Maud, II., 2).

Fifty times the rose has flower'd and faded,
Fifty times the golden harvest fallen.—(Jubilee).

To Francis, with a basket on his arm,
To Francis, just alighted from the boat.—(Aud.'s C.).

Light, so low upon the earth,
Light, so low in the vale.—(Window).

Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows.—(D. of Well.).

Bound for the hall, I am sure, was he,
Bound for the hall, and I think for a bride.—(Maud, I., 10).

Too long you keep the upper skies,
Too long you roam and wheel at will.—(Rosal.).
Love is hurt with jar and fret,
Love is made a vague regret.—(Mill.'s d.).
They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
They should have trod me into clay.—(Oriana).
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume.—(Lady of Sh.).
The lotos blooms below the barren peak,
The lotos blooms by every winking creek.—(Lot. E.).
Kate saith : "The world is full of might."
Kate saith : "The men are gilded flies."—(Kate).
In lands of palm and southern pine,
In lands of palm, of orange-blossom.—(Daisy).
Bitterly wept I over the stone,
Bitterly weeping I went away.—(Edw. Gray).
Now I thought that she cared for me,
Now I thought she was kind.—(Maud, I., 14).
He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,
He saw thro' his own soul.—(Poet).
Perhaps from madness, perhaps from crime,
Perhaps from a selfish grave.—(Maud, I., 16).
Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,
Not her, not her, but a voice.—(Maud, I., 5).
He hath no thought of coming woes,
He hath no care of life and death.—(Supp. Conf.).
Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried.—(Mariana).
O teach the orphan-boy to read,
O teach the orphan-girl to sew.—(Lady Clare).
He is fled : I wish him dead,
He is fled, or he is dead.—(Forlorn).
Pray for my soul, and yield him burial,
Pray for my soul, thou, too, Sir Lancelot.—(Lanc. El.).
Our wills are ours, we know not why,
Our wills are ours to make them thine.—(Mem., pref.).
Sleep, Death's twin brother, times my breath,
Sleep, Death's twin brother, knows not Death.—(Mem. LXVIII.).
God reaps a harvest in me, O my soul,
God reaps a harvest in me.—(St. Sim.).
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out, I know not why.—(Princ., II.).
All things have rest from weariness,
All things have rest.—(Lot. E.).
I cannot marry Dora ; by my life,
I will not marry Dora.—(Dora).
So they chanted how shall Britons . . .
So they chanted in the darkness . . .—(Boad.).

They say he is dying all for love, but that can never be,
They say his heart is breaking, mother, what is that to me?

(May Q.).

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft.

(Revenge).

To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New Year,
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest, merriest day.

(May Q.).

A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
She knew not what.—(En. Ard.).

Here and there a cotter's babe is royal-born by right divine;
Here and there my lord is lower than his oxen or his swine.

(Sixty years aft.).

Step by step we gain'd a freedom known to Europe, known to all;
Step by step we rose to greatness,—thro' the tonguesters we may fall.

(Sixty years aft.).

Beat upon mine, little heart, . . .

Beat upon mine, you are mine.—(Romn.).

Pray for my soul, and yield me burial,

Pray for my soul, thou too, Sir Lancelot.—(Lanc. El.).

And *all this hath been* before,

All this hath been.

To such a name for ages long,

To such a name.—(D. of Well.).

O art thou *sighing for Lebanon*,

Sighing for Lebanon?—(Maud, I., 18).

Follow them down the slope!

And I *follow them down* to . . . —(Window).

All running on one way, . . .

You all running on . . . —(Window).

To *some full music* rose and sank the sun,

And *some full music* seem'd to move and change.—(Edw. M.).

My end draws nigh,

I hope *my end draws nigh* . . . —(St. Sim.).

And *hardly a daisy*, little friend,

Yes, there is *hardly a daisy*.—(Thr.).

Thou *weighest heavy on* the heart within,

Weighest heavy on my eyelids.—(Cen.).

Comrades, *leave me here* a little . . .

Leave me here . . . —(Lock. H.).

And *that sweet incense rise*? . . .

For *that sweet incense rise*.—(Pal. of A.).

. . . *Like a storm* he came,

And shook the house, and *like a storm* he went.—(Aylm.'s f.).

Or *the least little* delicate aquiline curve in a sensitive nose,

From which I escaped heart free, with *the least little* touch of spleen.

(Maud, I., 2).

Emilia, *fairer than all else* but thou,
 For thou art *fairer than all else* that is.—(Audl. Court).
 And pierced *thy heart, my love, my bride,*
Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride.—(Oriana).
O kiss him once for me,
O kiss him twice and thrice for me.—(Talk. O.).
Break not, woman's heart, but still endure.
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure.—(Id. K., dedic.).
Thou comest morning or even,
She cometh not morning or even.—(Leon.).
It would fall to the ground if you came in,
It would shrink to the earth if you came in.—(Poet's m.).
 When shall she take *a fitting mate*?
 She cannot find *a fitting mate.*—(Kate).
 And your words are *seeming-bitter,*
 Sharp and few, but *seeming-bitter.*—(Rosal.).
 When I ask her *if she love me,*
 She'll not tell me *if she love me.*—(Lilian).
 For first Aurelius lived and *fought and died,*
 And after him King Arthur *fought and died.*—(Com. of Arth.).
 When you came in, my sorrow *broke me down,*
 And now I think your kindness *breaks me down.*—(En. Ard.).
 In all the world my dear one sees *but you.*
 In your sweet babe she finds *but you,*—she makes
 Her heart a mirror that reflects *but you.*—(Ring.).

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.—(Light Br.).
Be merry, all birds to-day,
Be merry on earth as you never were merry before,
Be merry in heaven, O larks, and far away.—(Window).
Not for three years to correspond with home,
Not for three years to cross the liberties,
Not for three years to speak with any men —(Princ., II.).
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,
And here and there a foamy flake.—(Brook).
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.—(Grandm.).
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle thunder and flame,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and
her shame.—(Rev.).
O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair,
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there !
O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head !—(May Q.).

Pattering over the boards, my Annie, who left me at two,
Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you,
Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will.
O happy tears, and how unlike to these ? [(Grandm.).
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face ?
O happy Earth, how canst thou bear my weight ?—(En.).
“ O Merlin, do ye love me ? ” and again,
“ O Merlin, do ye love me ? ” and once more,
“ Great Master, do ye love me ? ” he was mute.—(Merl. Viv.).
In the Spring, a fuller crimson comes upon the robin’s breast ;
In the Spring, the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest ;
In the Spring, a livelier iris changes on the burnish’d dove ;
In the Spring, a young man’s fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.
(Lock. H.).
Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth !
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth !
Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature’s rule !
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straighten’d forehead of the fool !
Nor ever cared to sit you on her knee, [(Lock. H.).
Nor ever let you gambol in her sight,
Nor ever cheer’d you with a kindly smile,
Nor ever ceas’d to clamour for the ring.—(Ring.).

Repetitions of phrases in separate lines are often to be met with.

Initial ones are the most common, just as they are the most useful to link not only lines, but even stanzas together :

O merry the linnet and dove,

O merry my heart, . . . —(Window).

All night have the roses heard

The flute, violin, bassoon ;

All night has the casement jessamine stirr’d.—(Maud, I., 22).

It may be I have wrought miracles,

It may be, no one, . . . —(St. Sim.).

Growing and fading and growing upon me without a sound,

Growing and fading and growing, till I could bear it no more.

(Maud, I., 3).

Heavily hangs the broad sunflower,

Heavily hangs the hollyhock.—(Song).

The little Revenge ran on sheer into . . .

. . .

The little Revenge ran on thro' . . .—(Rev.).

At times the whole sea burn'd, at times

With waves of fire we tore the dark ;

At times a carven craft would shoot.—(Voy.).

For a score of *sweet little* summers or so ?

The *sweet little* wife of the singer said,

. . .

To a *sweet little* Eden that I know.—(Islet).

She is coming, my dove, my dear,

She is coming, my life, my fate,

. . .

She is coming, my own, my sweet.—(Maud., I., 21).

How oft we two . . .

How oft the Cantab . . .

. . .

How oft with him . . .—(Brookf.).

Whither away, whither away, whither away? fly no more.

Whither away from . . .

Whither away? listen and stay.—(Sea-f.).

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,

And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,

Full of sad experience, moving towards the stillness of his rest.

(Lock. H.).

Many a night from yonder ivied casements, . . .

. . .

Many a night I saw the Pleiads. . . —(Lock. H.).

Love took up the glass of Time, . . .

Love took up the harp of life, . . .—(Lock. H.).

I muse, as in a trance, the while

. . .

. . .

I muse, as in a trance, whenever.—(Elean.).

Cries to thee, last . . .

. . .

. . .

Cries to thee: "Lord . . ."—(Poland).

Not less swift souls that . . .

. . .

. . .

Not less the bee would range . . . —(Two v.).

Cry, faint not : either Truth is born

. . .

Cry, faint not, climb : the summit's slope.—(Two v.).

Beat upon mine ! little heart . . .

. . .

Beat upon mine ! you are mine.—(Romney).

All mine from *your pretty blue eyes* to your feet,

. . .

And I blind *your pretty blue eyes* with a kiss.—(Romney).

They are *raised for ever and ever*,

And sink again into sleep.

Not *raised for ever and ever*.—(Voice and P.).

And *year by year* the landscape grows

Familiar to the stranger's child ;

As *year by year* the labourer tills

His wonted glebe, or lops the glades ;

And *year by year* our memory fades

From all the circle of the hills.—(Mem. CI.).

Live long, ere from . . .

. . .

Live long, ere the . . .

. . .

Live long, nor feel . . .—(Will Wat.).

And the rainbow forms and flies in the land,

. . .

And the rainbow lives in the curve of sand,

. . .

And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave.—(Sea-f.).

Let us alone. Time driveth . . .

. . .

Let us alone. What is it that . . .

. . .

Let us alone. What pleasure . . .—(Lot. E.).

I envy not in . . .

. . . (4 lines, st.).

I envy not the . . .—(Mem. XXVII.).

O flourish high with leafy bowers,

. . . (3 lines, st.).

O flourish, hidden deep in fern.—(Talk. O.).

Last night, I wasted . . .

. . . (6 lines, st.).

Last night, when . . .—(Fat.).

I pledge her,
 . . . (7 lines, st.).
I pledge her—(Will Water.).

Comfort her, comfort her, all things good,
 . . . (7 lines).
Comfort her, tho' I die.—(Maud, II., 2).

He spake of beauty
 . . . (5 l., st.).
He spake of virtue—(Charact.).

Come, Spring!

She comes

Come, Spring. She comes—(Progr. of Spr.).

For mine is a time of peace, it is not
 . . . (5 l., st.).
But mine is a time of peace, and then
 . . . (3 l., st.).
And age is a time of peace, so it—(Grandm.).

Peace, his triumph will be sung,

Peace, it is a day of pain.

O peace, it is a day of pain.—(Duke of W.).

She sleeps: her breathing is not heard
 In palace chambers far apart.
 The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd
 That lie upon her charmed heart.
She sleeps: on either hand upswells
 The gold-fring'd pillow lightly prest:
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
 A perfect form in perfect rest.—(Day-dr.).

All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
 Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
 I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
All along the valley, while I walk'd to-day,
 The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away;
 For *all along the valley*, down thy rocky bed,
 Thy living voice was to me as the voice of the dead,
 And *all along the valley*, by rock and cave and tree,
 The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.—(Cauteretz).

Boadicea standing loftily charioted
Yell'd and shriek'd o'er her daughters o'er a wild confederacy

Yell'd and shriek'd o'er her daughters in her firm volubility.
 (Boad.).

Mine be the strength of spirit
 (7 lines).

Mine be the power which—(Sonnet III.).

But I wept like a child that day

But I wept like a child for the child—(Grandm.).

Watch what thou seest

Watch what I see—(M. d'Arth).

Two dead men I have known,

Two dead men I have loved.

Three dead men I have loved, and thou art last of three.
 [(Sw. Gard.).]

In this poor gown my dear lord found me first,

In this poor gown I rode with him to court,

In this poor gown he bade me clothe myself,

. . . .

And this poor gown I will not cast aside.—(Ger. En.).

Up, get up, and tell him all,

. . . . (3 st.).

Up, get up, the time is short,

. . . . (1 st.).

Up she got, and wrote him all.—(Forl.).

And thro' the centuries let a people's voice

In full acclaim,

A people's voice,

A people's voice, when they rejoice

A people's voice! we are a people yet.—(D. of Well.).

"I'll never love any but you,"

. . . .

For I heard it abroad in the fields: "I'll never love any but you."

"I'll never love any but you," the morning song of the lark,

"I'll never love any but you," the nightingale's hymn in the sky.

(1st Quarr.).

Welcome her, thunders of fort and fleet !

Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street !

Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,

. . . (4 lines).

Welcome her. welcome her, all that is ours !

. . . (11 l.).

And *welcome her, welcome* the land's desire.

. . . (7 l.).

We are each all Dane in our *welcome* of thee.—(Alex.).

Ten long sweet summer days upon deck, sitting hand in hands,

Ten long days of summer and rise . . .

Ten long sweet summer days of fever and want of care.—(Wreck).

Art thou that (Lady) *Psyche* ? (4 times).

You were (are) *that Psyche* (3 t.).—(Princ., II.).

O hither, come hither, and furl your sails,

Come hither to me and to me ;

Hither, come hither, and frolic and play

Hither, come hither and see.

O hither, come hither, and be our lords.—(Sea-fairies).

Be near me when my light is low,

Be near me when the sensuous frame,

Be near me when my faith is dry,

Be near me when I fade away

Be near us when we climb or fall.—(Mem. L., LI.).

And we came to the isle in the ocean . . .

And we came to the Silent Isle . . .

And we came to the Isle of Shouting . . .

And we came to the Isle of Flowers . . .

And we came to the Isle of Fruits . . .

And we came to the Isle of Fire . . .

And we came to the Bounteous Isle . . .

. . .

And we past to the Isle of Witches . . .

And we came in an evil time to the Isle of the Double Towers

And we came to the Isle of a Saint . . .

And we came to the Isle we were blown from . . . —(Maeld.).

Terminal repetitions of phrases and others are fewer¹ and more irregularly scattered than initial ones :

But the first that ever I bare *was dead before he was born*,

But I wept like a child for the child that *was dead before he was born*.—(Grandm.).

. . . *multitudinous agonies*,

. . . *in her fierce volubility*.—(Boad.).

. . . *the lily-maid of Astolat*.—(Lanc. El.).

. . . *the dim-rich city*.—(Holy Grail, Lanc. El.).

. . . *the dumb old servitor*.—(Lanc. El.).

. . . (Modred's) *narrow foxy face*.—(Guin.).

. . . *the bold Sir Bedivere*.—(Morte d'Arth.).

. . . *thou art not knight, but knave*.—(Gar. Lyn.).

. . . *and so she lived in fantasy*.—(Lanc. El.).

. . . *that order which he made*.—(Holy Grail).

. . . *and she was a great lady*.—(Pell. Ett.).

. . . *seeing they profess*

To be none other . . .—(Last Tourn.).

. . . *propping his head*.—(Ger. En.).

. . . *and made a realm and reigned*.—(C. of Arth.).

. . . *smitten thro' the helm*.—(M. of Arth.).

. . . *woven traces and waving arms*.—(Merl. Viv.).

. . . *for the sake of him that's gone*.—(Dora).

. . . *an isle in the ocean*.—(Mael.).

. . . *the beauty that endures*.—(Happy).

. . . *a lily-white doe*.—(Lady Cl.).

. . . *a cold and clear-cut face*.—(Maud, I., 3).

. . . *sea-king's daughter*.—(Alex.).

. . . *sounding for ever and ever*.—(Parn.).

. . . *indolent reviewers*.—(Tud. Rev.).

. . . *swift and rash*.—(Lord Duff.).

. . . *a still small voice*.—(Two v.).

. . . *the jailer forced me away*.—(Rizp.).

. . . *thou smellest all of kitchen grease*.—(Gar. Lyn.).

. . . *lead and I follow*.—(Gar. Lyn.).

¹ They are mostly to be met with in *The Idylls of the King*.

I will not die alone.—(En.).

And Willy, my eldest born.—(Grandm.).

. . . and bore it thro'.—(En. Ard.).

Singing alone

Under the sea

I would kiss them often under the sea (twice).

Soft are the moss-beds under the sea.—(Merman).

Combing her hair

Under the sea.

Till that great sea-snake under the sea,

And all the mermen under the sea,

Of the bold merry mermen under the sea,

In the purple twilight under the sea,

In the branching jaspers under the sea,

In the hueless mosses under the sea.—(Mermaid).

Incremental repetitions of phrases are not unfrequent :

From me . . .

From me unworthy . . .—(Supp. Conf.).

With slow steps,

With slow, faint steps.—(St. Sim.).

The tide of time flowed back with me,

The forward-flowing tide of time.—(Arab. N.).

O miracle of woman . . .

O miracle of noble womanhood.—(Princ.).

Courage, poor heart of stone !

Courage, poor stupid heart of stone.—(Maud, II., 3).

In the morning of life,

In the happy morning of life and of May.—(Maud, I., 5).

The darkness of the grave,

The darkness of the grave and utter night.—(Lov.'s t.).

My frolic falcon . . .

My bright-eyed, wild-eyed falcon.—(Rosal.).

Weak Truth,

Wan, wasted Truth.—(To —).

Heart, are you great enough ?

O heart, are you great enough for love ?—(Window).

Thy tuchoos are lull'd,

Thy tuchoos of yesternight.—(Owl, II.).

Like twin sisters grew,
Like twin sisters differently beautiful.—(Edw. M.).
The fires of Hell brake out of thy rising sun,
The fires of Hell and Hate.—(Maud, II., 1).
Wild flowers blowing side by side,
Wild flowers from the secret woods.—(Flight).
New comers
New comers from the Mersey.
This pretty home, the home where mother dwells,
This pretty house, this city house of ours.—(City Child).
Three days since, three more dark days of the godless gloom.
It is the little rift within the lute, [(Despair).
The little rift within the Lover's lute.—(Merl. Viv.).
It is time, it is time, O passionate heart, said I,
It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eyes.—(Maud, III., 6).
Then to the bower they came,
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower.—(En.).
They cut away my tallest pines,
My dark tall pines that plumed the craggy ledge.—(En.).
A land of promise, a land of memory,
A land of promise flowing with the milk
And honey of delicious memories.—(Lov.'s t.).
O lighter into my eyes and my heart,
Into my heart and my blood.—(Window).
They would sue me, and woo me, and marry me,
Woo me, and win me, and marry me.—(Mermaid).
I dedicate,
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears.—(Id. K., ded.).
Who May be saved? Who is it may be saved?—(St. Sim.).
O that 'twere possible!
O Christ, that it were possible!—(Maud, II., 1).
She still were loth,
She still were loth to give herself.—(Princ., V.).
Love will come,
Love will come but once a life.—(Wander.).
And far across the hills they went,
Across the hills and far away.—(Day-dr.).
Clasp her window, trail and twine,
Trail and twine and clasp and kiss.—(Window).
The rain of heaven, and their own bitter tears
Tears, and the careless rain of heaven mixt.—(Aylm.'s f.).
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.—(Maud, I., 22).

Irregular repetitions of words and phrases sometimes string up passages and even poems :

*Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after,
The delight of early skies ;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hands, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.*—(Maud, II., 4).

Faint-smiling Adeline,

Thou that *faintly smiles* still,

Wherefore those *faint smiles* of thine ?

Wherefore that *faint smile* of thine ?

Thou *faint smiler*, Adeline,

Hence that look and smile of thine.—(Adeline).

*Fell into dust, and I was left alone,
And thirsting in a land of sand and thorns,*

Fell into dust, and nothing . . .

Fell into dust and I was left alone,

*Fell into dust and I was left alone,
And wearying in a land of sand and thorns,*

*Fell into dust, and disappeared, and I
Was left alone once more.*—(Holy Grail).

Out of the most striking illustrations of **complex and intricate repetitions** of phrases may be quoted the two following poems :

*Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud ;
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and cloud ;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.*

*Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown ;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down ;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.*

*Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands ;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands ;
For man is man and master of his fate.*

*Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd ;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud ;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.*¹—(Marr. of Ger.).

*Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May ;
Blow trumpet, the long night has rolled away !
Blow through the living world : " Let the King reign ! "*

*Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur's realm ?
Flash brand and lance, fall battleaxe upon helm,
Fall battleaxe, and flash brand ! Let the King reign !*

*Strike for the King and live ! his Knights have heard
That God hath told the King a secret word.*

Fall battleaxe, and flash brand ! Let the King reign !

Blow trumpet ! he will lift us from the dust !

Blow trumpet ! live the strength and die the lust !

Clang battleaxe, and clash brand ! Let the King reign !

Strike for the King and die ! and if thou diest,

The King is King, and ever wills the highest.

Clang battleaxe, and clash brand ! Let the King reign !

Blow, for our Sun is mighty in his May !

Blow, for our Sun is mightier day by day !

Clang battleaxe, and clash brand ! Let the King reign !

The King will follow Christ, and we the King,

In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.

*Fall battleaxe, and flash brand ! Let the King reign !*²

(Com. of Arth.).

¹ Besides such numerous repetitions of words and phrases, note the repetition of the same rhyme in every third line, the parallelism of prosodical and grammatical construction of the first and last tercets, and other effects of parallelism in the second and third ones. Of course, such redundant iteration admirably suits the blind rotation of Fortune's wheel.

² Cf. also the *Garden at Swainston*.

Nightingales warbled without,

Within was weeping for thee :

Shadows of three dead men

Walked in the walks with me,

Shadows of three dead men, and thou wast one of the three.

Nightingales sang in his woods :

The Master was far away :

Nightingales warbled and sang

Of a passion that lasts but a day ;

Still in the house in his coffin the Prince of courtesy lay.

Two dead men have I known,

In courtesy like to thee :

Two dead men have I loved,

With a love that ever will be :

Three dead men have I loved, and thou art last of the three.

III.—REPETITION OF LINES AND BURDENS.

A part of one line is sometimes repeated as a separate line :

Never, oh ! never, *nothing will die.*

Nothing will die.—(Noth.).

There would be *neither moon nor star*

Neither moon nor star.—(Merman).

And a new face at the door, my friend,

And a new face at the door.—(Old Y.).

But this is the day when I must speak,

Oh ! this is the day.—(Maud, I., 16).

There is *none like her, none.*

None like her, none.—(Maud, I., 18).

To be friends, for her sake, to be reconciled,

To be friends, to be reconciled.—(Maud, I., 19).

If I am a beggar-born, she said,

I am a beggar-born, she said.—(Lady Cl.).

One line may often be completely repeated either twice or even three times, though seldom in succession :

Twice or thrice his roundelay (2)¹.—(Owl, I.).

And the whirring sail goes round (2).—(Owl, I.).

So took echo with delight (2).—(Owl, II.).

Thee to woo to thy tuckit (2).—(Owl, II.).

All things must die (3).—(All th.).

Nothing will die (3).—(Noth.).

Thro' Eternity (2).—(Noth.).

All night merrily, merrily (2).—(Sea-f.).

O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten (2).—(Sea-f.).

Sleep, little ladies (2).—(Minnie and W.).

Spiritual Adeline (2).—(Adel.).

Shadowy, dreaming Adeline (2).—(Adel.).

Ever-varying Madeline (3).—(Mad.).

Prythee, weep, May Lilian (2).—(Lil.).

Two little hands that meet (2).—(Window).

Whither, O whither, love, shall we go (2).—(Islet).

¹ The figures refer to the number of repetitions.

Bite, frost, bite.—(Window).
Wind of the western sea.—(Princ., III.).
I am Merlin.—(Gleam.).
Go not, happy day !—(Maud, I., 17).
Come into the garden, Maud.—(Maud, I., 22).
'Tis a morning pure and sweet.—(Maud, II., 4).
A grand political dinner.—(Maud, I., 20).
There above the little grave (2).—(Princ., II.).
Forward the Light Brigade.—(Light Br.).
Storm'd at with shot and shell (2).—(Light Br.).
Volley'd and thunder'd (2).—(Light Br.).
All the world wonder'd (2).—(Light Br.).
Render thanks to the Giver (2).—(D. of Well.).
Let the bell be toll'd (2).—(D. of Well.).
O, peace, it is a day of pain (2).—(D. of Well.).
Was great by land as thou by sea (2).—(D. of Well.).
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago (2).—(Grandm.).
O me, my pleasant rambles by the lake.—(Edw. M.).
Father will come to thee soon (Princ., III.).
Bitterly weeping I turned away.—(Edw. Gr.).
Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it 'ill all come right.—(First. Q.).
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.—(Grandm.).
And Willy's wife has written ; she never was overwise.—(Grandm.).
Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander ?—(City Ch.).
Far, far away, said the dainty little maiden.—(City Ch.).
Till all my widow'd race be run.—(Mem. IX., xvii.).
And taken my fiddle to the gate.—(Amph.).
Play me no tricks, said Lord Ronald.—(Lady Cl.).
But he stood firm, and so the matter hung.—(Brook).
Vex not thou the poet's mind.—(Poet's m.).
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.—(Marr. of Ger.).
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful (3).—(M. d'Arth.).
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere.—(M. d'Arth.).
And said to his own heart " She weeps for me."—(Ger. En.).
The dragon of the great Pendragonship.—(Guin.).
The glory of our Round Table is no more.—(Last Tourn.).
Out of the deep, my child (Spirit, 1) out of the deep (5).—(De Prof.).
More than my brothers are to me.—(Mem. IX., lxxix.).
My old affection of the tomb.—(Mem. LXXXV.).
Love is and was my king and love.—(Mem. CXXVI.).
Whom but Maud should I meet.—(Maud, I., 6).

The same line is often repeated either with a slight variant or with alternation in its parts :

Upon the lonely moated grange,

About the lonely moated grange.—(Mariana).

O had I lived when song was great,

And had I lived when song was great.—(Amphion).

For am I right or am I wrong,

And am I right or am I wrong.—(Day-dr.).

The frost is here,

And frost is here.—(Window).

All in the valley of death,

Into the valley of death.—(Light Br.).

You, my queen of the wrens,

You, the queen of the wrens.—(Window).

But what will the old man say,

For what will the old man say.—(Maud, II., 5).

Now therefore am I come for Lancelot,

And therefore am I come for Lancelot.—(Gar. Lyn.).

For he said : Fight on, fight on,

And he said : Fight on, fight on.—(Rev.).

The wet west wind and the world will go on,

The wet west wind and the world may go on.—(Window).

Should I love her so well if she

Can I love her as well if she.—(Maud, I., 16).

The path of duty was the way to glory,

The path of duty be the way to glory.—(D. of Well.).

Not once or twice in our rough island story,

Not once or twice in our fair island story.—(D. of Well.).

And chafing his pale hands and calling to him,

And chafing his faint hands and calling to him.—(Ger. En.).

We know not, and we know not why we wail.

We know not, and we know not why we moan.—(Demeter).

All looking up for the love of me,

All looking down for the love of me.—(Mermaid).

Then she rode forth clothed in chastity.

Then she rode back clothed in chastity.—(Godiva).

Old yew, which graspest at the stones,

Dark yew, that graspest at the stones.—(Mem. II., xxxix.).

Thou art so full of misery,

Thou art so steep'd in misery.—(Two v.).

An infant crying in the night,

An infant crying for the light.—(Mem. LIV.).

My heart would hear her and beat,

My dust would hear her and beat.—(Maud, I., 22).

And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind,

And up the valley came again the music on the wind.—(May Q.).

And in the wild March morning I heard the angels call,

And in the wild March morning I heard them call my soul.

(May Q.).

Spars were splinter'd, decks were shatter'd,

Spars were splinter'd, decks were broken.—(Captain).

Being so very wilful, you must go,

Being so very wilful, you must die.—(Lanc. El.).

Why, let my lady bind me if she will,

And let my lady beat me if she will.—(Pell. Ett.).

She is walking in the meadow,

She is singing in the meadow.—(Maud, II., 4).

Let me and my passionate love go by,

Me and my harmful love go by.—(Maud, II., 2).

What be those crown'd forms high over the sacred fountain,

What be those two shapes high over the sacred fountain.—(Parn.).

Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word,

Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.—(M. d'Arth.).

For, if you love, it will be sweet to give it,

For, if he love, it will be sweet to have it.—(Lanc. El.).

Must I take you and break you,

I must take you and break you.—(Window).

But to be with you still, not to see your face,

Not to be with you still, not to see your face.—(Lanc. El.).

He suffers, but he will not suffer long,

He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong.—(Will.).

Love will come but once a life,

Love can come but once a life.—(Window).

Blush from West to East,

Blush from East to West.—(Maud, I., 17).

So when the sun broke next from under ground,

But when the sun next day broke from under ground.—(Holy Gr.).

Henceforward I will rather die than doubt,

And will henceforward rather die than doubt.—(Ger. En.).

Fill the cup, and fill the can,

Fill the can, and fill the cup.—(Vis. of Sin).

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,

And merrily rang the bells, and they were wed.—(En. Ard.).

The same line is sometimes repeated three or four times, twice completely and once with changes :

The path of duty was the way to glory (2).

The path of duty be the way to glory.—(D. of Well.).

Wait a little, you say, you are sure it 'ill all come right (2).

Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it 'ill all come right.—(First Q.).

That if I be dear to some one else (2).

But if I be dear to some one else.—(Maud, I., 15).

Hear, Icenian, Catieuchlanian ! hear Coritanian, Trinobant ! (3).

Shout, Icenian, Catieuchlanian ! hear, Coritanian, Trinobant.

But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone. [(Boad.).

And bless him for the sake of him that's gone (2).—(Dora).

Farewell, Maccready, since to-night (this night (1)) we part ;

Farewell, Maccready ; moral, grave, sublime.—(Macr.).

One line and a half, two and even three lines, are sometimes repeated with variants :

*I pray you of your courtesy (gentleness)
He, being as he is, to let me be.*—(Ger. En.).

*And like a wounded life,
Crept down into the hollows of the wood,
When, like a wounded life,
He crept into the shades of the wood.*—(En. Ard.).

*A new (one last) crusade against the Saracen,
And free (save) the Holy Sepulchre from thrall.*—(Columbus).

*Here (there) lies the body of Ellen Adair
And here (there) the heart of Edward Gray.*—(Edw. Gr.).

*And o'er these is (they) placed a silver wand,
And o'er that a (the) golden sparrow-hawk.*—(M. of Ger.).

*Nay now, my child, said Alice the nurse,
But keep the secret for your life (all you can).*—(Lady Cl.).

*If you are not the heiress born
And I, said he, the next in blood (the lawful heir).*—(Lady Cl.).

*O plump head-waiter at the Cock
To which I most resort,
Head-waiter of the chop-house here,
To which I most resort.*—(Will Wat.).

*I say God made the woman for the man,
And for the good and increase of the world.
God made the woman for the use of the man,
And for the good and increase of the world.*—(Edw. M.).

*Come (that) we (they) will slay him (you), and will have his (possess
your) horn
And armour, and his (your) damsel shall (should) be ours.*
(Ger. En.).

*Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be ?
Thou art so steeped in misery,
Surely 'twere better not to be.*—(Two v.).

*I heard the water lapping on the crag
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.
I heard the ripple washing on the crags
And the wild water lapping in the reeds.*—(M. d'Arth.).

*Across the hills and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
The happy princess follow'd him.*

*And o'er the hills and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rim*

Thro' all the world she follow'd him.—(Day-dr.).

*May God be with thee, sweet, when old and gray
And past desire.*

*May Good be with thee, sweet, when thou art old,
And sweet no more to me.*—(Last Tourn.).

*Fell into dust, and I was left alone,
And thirsting in a land of sand and thorns.*

*Fell into dust and disappeared, and I
Was left alone in a land of sand and thorns.*—(Holy Grail).

The full repetition of two lines or more is not frequent

*And o'er black brows drops down
A sudden curved frown.*—(Madel.).

*Smiling, frowning evermore,
Thou art perfect in love-love.*—(Madel.).

*And the world were not so bitter,
But a smile could make it sweet.*—(Maud, I., 6).

*'Tis better to have lov'd and lost
Than never to have lov'd at all.*—(Mem. XXVII., lxxxv.).

*Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow.*—(En. Ard.).

*And the reapers reap'd
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.*—(Dora).

*Thy kitchen knave am I,
And mighty thro' the meats and drinks am I.*—(Gar. Lyn).

*Many, many welcomes,
February, fair-maid (2).*—(Snowd.).

*In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within.*—(Brook).

*I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me,
Laughingly, laughingly.*—(Merman).

*Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.*—(Maud, I., 17).

The two following stanzas are both initial and terminal :

*The voice and the peak,
Far over summit and lawn (Far into heaven—withdrawn)
The lone glow and long roar,
Green rushing from the rosy thorns of dawn!*—(V. and P.).

(So) you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear ;
 To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New Year ;
 Of all the glad New Year, mother, (To-morrow 'ill be of all the
 year) the maddest merriest day,
 For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.
 —(May Q.).

The following ones are repeated somewhat apart from one another :

With trembling fingers *did we weave*
The holly round the Christmas hearth ;
A rainy cloud press'd the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.—(Mem. XXX.).

Again at Christmas *did we weave*
The holly round the Christmas hearth ;
When silent snow press'd the earth,
And calmly fell our Christmas-eve.—(Mem. LXXVIII.).

Occasional repetends may, of course, gradually grow into more or less regular burdens :

Have (O) *mercy*, have *mercy* (Lord, and) take (cover, wash) away
 (all) *my sin* (4).—(St. Sim.).

With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name (2).—(D. of Well.).

And you bite far (you have bitten) *into the heart of the house* (earth),
But not into mine (2).—(Window).

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever (4).—(Brook).

O strengthen me, enlighten me !
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory (3).—(Memory).

Fill the cup and fill the can,
Have a rouse before the morn ;
Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born. (2).

Fill the can and fill the cup:
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up
And is lightly laid again (2).

Fill the cup and fill the can ;
Mingle madness, mingle scorn !
Dregs of life and lees of man :
Yet we will not die forlorn (1).—(Vis. of Sin).

Hail, hidden to *thy knees* in fern,
 Broad oak of *Sumner-chace*,
 Whose *topmost branches* can discern
The roofs of Sumner-place !

Oh ! hide *thy knotted knees* in fern,
 And overlook the *chace* ;
 And from thy *topmost branch* discern
The roofs of Sumner-place.

O muffle round *thy knees* with fern,
 And shadow *Sumner-chace* ;
 Long may thy *topmost branch* discern
The roofs of Sumner-place.

O flourish, *hidden deep* in fern,
 Old oak, I love thee well ;

Step deeper yet in herb and fern,
 Look further through the *chace*,
 Spread upward till thy boughs discern
The front of Sumner-place (5).—(Talk. O.).

Terminal burdens are usually the more fixed as they are shorter. When they are either long or double, their last part is usually the most fixed one : ¹

. . . *Eleanor* (7).—(Elean.).

Marie (Alfred, I.).

Alexandrovna (5).—(Alex.).

. . . *we are free* (2).—(Song).

. . . *let the King reign* (7).—(C. of Arth.).

. . . *but let me live my life* (4).—(Audl. C.).

. . . *six hundred* (6).—(Light Brig.).

. . . *the golden year* (7).—(Gold. Y.).

. . . *year of her Jubilee* (5).—(Q.'s Jub.).

. . . *the days that are no more* (4).—(Princ., IV.).

Far—far—away (6).—(Far.).

Britons, hold your own (4).—(Col. Exh.).

¹ The three following burdens are repeated only twice :

Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits (2).—(Owl, I.).
Somebody said that she'd say no ;
Somebody knows that she'll say ay (2).—(Window).
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly,
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily (2).—(Song).

Whirl and follow the sun (4).—(Dreamer).

The fire of Heaven is not the flame of Hell.—(Bal. Bal.).

The wet west wind and the world will (may, 1) *go on* (3).—(Window).

O (a, 1) *happy bridesmaid, make* (makes, 1) *a happy bride,* 3.—(Bridesm.).

And (we, 1) *kiss'd* (kiss, 2) *again with tears* (3).—(Princ., II.).

Twice (thrice, 1) *my love has smil'd on me* (4).—(Gar. Lyn.).

Too late (no, no, 1) *too late, ye cannot enter now* (4).—(Guin.).

When (and, 2) *the winds are up in the morning* (4).—(Window).

I know not which is sweeter, no, not I (let me die, 2) (4).—(Gar. Lyn.).

Ay, ay, O ay! the winds that bend (bow, move) *the brier* (grass, mere) (3).—(Last Tourn.).

Smile (shine, 1, blow, 1, sing, 1) *sweetly, twice* (thou, 1) *my love hath smiled on me* (4).—(Gar. Lyn.).

For (so, 1, but, 1, and, 4) *I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May* (11).—(May Q.).

And (that, 1, but, 1, and, 2) *ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England* (in India) *blew* (7).—(Luckn.).

Fall battle-axe, and flash brand (clang battle-axe, and clash brand, 3) : *Let the King reign* (7).—(Com. of Arth.).

Let them rave.

. . . *the green that folds thy grave.*

Let them rave (7).—(Dirge).

No more (nowhere, and here, but not) *by thee my steps shall be* (will hum the bee, 1).

For ever and for ever (4).—(Farew.).

The wind is blowing (howling, roaring, raging, raving) *in turret and tree.*

O the Earl was fair to see.—(Sist.).

(A goodly, 4) *time* (13).

(For it was in, 6) *the golden prime,*

Of (the, 1) *good Haroun Alraschid* (14).—(Arab. N.).

Storm, storm (form, form, 2) *Riflemen, form!*

Ready, be ready against (to meet) *the storm!*

Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen, form!—(Rifl.).

(Down to, 9, tower'd, 5) *Camelot.*—(Lancelot, 1).

(The lady of, 13) *Shalott.*—(Lancelot, 1.) (Lady of Sh.).

In the night, O (in, 3) *the night,*

When, 5 (which, 5) . . . —*ing* (14).—(Forlorn).

Blow, bugle, blow set the wild echoes flying (2).

Blow, bugle; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying (2).—(Princ., IV.).

At (to, till, 2) *the end of the day,*

For (and, 2) *the last loäð hoäm.*—(Prom. of M.).

. . . moan,

. . . morn (scorn, 1),

. . . alone,

(To) live (I sleep, walk) *forgotten,* and love (I wake, 1; is, 1; die, 1) *forlorn.*—(Mar. in S.).

*She only said : " My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said : " I am aweary, aweary ;
I would that I were dead ! "*—(Mar.).¹

Initial burdens usually occur with variants :

Lady (trust me, 1 ; I know you, 1 ; Clara, 1) *Clara Vere de Vere* (9).—(Lady Clara).

Our enemies have fallen (have fallen) (5) —(Princ., VI.).

O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida (5).

O (Dear, 7) *mother Ida*, harken ere (hear me before, 4) *I die* (16).—(En.).

Rain, rain (sun, 1) and sun (rain, 1) ! *a rainbow* in the sky ! (on the lea !).—(C. of Arth.).

Red of the Dawn ! (Dawn not Day ! 2) (5).—(Dawn).

Very few burdens are **both initial and terminal**, as in the French *Rondeau Royal*, so happily restored by romantic poets, chiefly of the Parnassian school :

Where Claribel low-lieth (3),

Hallow'd be thy name, Halleluiah (3).—(De Prof.).

Ask me no more (6).—(Princ., VII.).

By merely glancing at these pages, even a careless observer may easily note how often Tennyson, true both to his native artistic sensibility and to the very nature of spontaneous repetition, prefers the wandering melody of irregular repetends to the dull stiffness of perfectly regular burdens.

IV.—PARALLELISM IN ONE LINE.

Parallelism in one line is very common. Numerous examples may be given, proceeding from more or less incomplete repetition to mere similarity of construction. Here again the passage from utter insignificance to the most unquestionable importance has been made as gradual as possible :

Without knowledge, without pity.—(Maud, II., 4).

Nothing sudden, nothing single.—(Elean.).

Mingle madness, mingle scorn.—(Vis. of S.).

Frantic love and frantic hate.—(Vis. of S.).

¹ The most irregular burden seems to be that of *the Death of the Old Year*: there are only three parallel quatrains out of six.

- Bellowing victory, bellowing doom.*—(D. of Well.).
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly.—(Lady of Sh.).
Down with Reticence, down with Reverence.—(Sixty y. aft.).
The greater man, the greater courtesy.—(Last Tourn.).
Like Virtue firm, like Knowledge fair.—(Voy.).
Like to Furies, like to Graces.—(Vis. of S.).
Great in council and great in war.—(D. of Well.).
All subtle thoughts, all curious fears.—(Mem. XXXII.).
All of beauty, all of use.—(Int. Exh.).
Ready in heart and ready in hand.—(Maud, I., 5).
Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven.—(St. Sim.).
So light of foot, so light of spirit.
So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple.—(Lilian).
So blunt in memory, so old at heart.—(Gard. 's d.).
No sudden heaven, nor sudden hell.—(Ring.).
How faintly flush'd, how phantom-fair.—(Daisy).
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard.—(Lot. E.).
Struck to the left, struck to the right.—(Tourney).
Nobly to do, nobly to die.—(Tires.).
Drink to Fortune, drink to Chance.—(Vis. of S.).
Bring me spices, bring me wine.—(Vis. of S.).
Fill the cup and fill the can.—(Vis. of S.).
So keep you cold or keep you warm.—(Goose).
Powers of the height, powers of the deep.—(Maud, II., 2).
The works of peace with the works of war.—(Int. Exh.).
Fine little hands, fine little feet.—(Window).
Four gray walls and four gray towers.—(Pal. of A.).
With the evil tongue and the evil ear.—(Maud, I., 10).
We have children, we have wives.—(Rev.).
I bring to life, I bring to death.—(Mem. LVI.).
She left the web, she left the loom.—(Lady of Sh.).
She went by dale, she went by down.—(Lady Cl.).
I met with scoffs, I met with scorn.—(Mem. LXIX.).
They call'd me fool, they call'd me child.—(Mem. LXIX.).
Left me with the palsied hand, and left me with the jaundiced eye.
(Lock. H.).
And those that stay and those that roam.—(Sail. b.).
O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign.—(Int. Exh.).
Some will pass and some will pause.—(Wand.).
Let the fox bark, let the wolf yell.—(Pell. Ett.).
Love the gift is Love the debt.—(Mill. 's d.).
Utter knowledge is but utter love.—(Ring.).
My sudden frost was sudden gain.—(Mem. LXXXI.).
Dear to the man that is dear to God.—(Maurice).
Lord of the pulse that is lord of her breast.—(Maud, I., 16).
For thou wert strong as thou wert true.—(Mem. LXXIII.).
The woman's garment hid the woman's heart.—(Princ., V.).
For him she plays, to him she sings.—(Mem. XCVII.).

- Half is thine and half is his.*—(Lock. H.).
Love may come and Love may go.—(Edw. Gr.).
Ring out the false, ring in the new.—(Mem. CVI.).
The blast blew in, the fire blew out.—(Goose).
The night was calm, the morn was calm.—(Flight).
Rise, happy morn ; rise, holy morn.—(Mem. XXX.).
Lies upon this side, lies upon that side.—(Vastness).
From orb to orb, from veil to veil.—(Mem. XXX.).
This round of green, this orb of flame.—(Mem. XXXIV.).
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt.—(Day-dr.).
The moon is hid, the night is still.—(Mem. XVII.).
The voice was low, the love was bright.—(Mem. LXIX.).
The stalls are void, the doors are wide.—(Sir Gal.).
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold.—(Vict.).
May bind a book, may line a box.—(Mem. LXXVII.).
Or builds the house, or digs the grave.—(Mem. XXXVI.).
His word he kept, his best he gave.—(Aft. read.).
And bring her babe, and make her boast.—(Mem. XL.).
And how she look'd, and what she said.—(Mem. CXXXII.).
I leave the plain, I climb the height.—(Sir Gal.).
I count you kind, I hold you true.—(Wand.).
Not a bell was rung, not a prayer was read.—(Maud, II., 5).
Never one kindly smile, one kindly word.—(Aylm.'s f.).
Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag.—(Lock. H.).
Steel me with patience ! soften me with grief.—(Double and pr.).
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest.
(D. of Well.).
Mixed with myrtle and clad with vine.—(Islet).
Vex'd with lawyers and harass'd with debt.—(Maud, I., 19).
Ranged like a storm, or stood like a rock.—(Heavy Brig.).
Yet both are near, and both are dear.—(Vict.).
Fine of the fine, and shy of the shy.—(Window).
Low on the sand and loud on the storm.—(Mem. XXII.).
God bless you for it, God reward you for it.—(En. Ard.).
We broke them on the land, we drove them on the sea.—(3rd Feb.).
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll.—(May Q.).
Taken the stars from the night and the sun from the day.—(Window).
Nor burnt the grange, nor buss'd the milking maid.—(Princ., V.).
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.—(Marr. Ger.).
Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener leaf.—(Spit. lett.).
God accept him, Christ receive him.—(D. of Well.).
Dry sang the tackle, sang the sail.—(Voy.).
Cast the poison from your bosom, oust the madness from your brain.
—(60 y.).
He work'd me the daisy chains, he made me the cowslip ball —(1st Q.).
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky.—(Wages.).
Sealed it with kisses ? water'd it with tears ?—(Enone).
Danc'd into the light, and died into the shade.—(Gard.'s d.).

Close up *his* eyes ; tie up *his* chin.—(Old Year).
 Spars were splinter'd, decks were shatter'd.—(Capt.).
 Something better *than his* dog, a little dearer *than his* horse.—(L. H.).
Out of evil, evil flourishes ; *out of* tyranny, tyranny buds.—(Boad.).
O my cousin, shallow-hearted ! *O my* Amy, mine no more !—(L. H.).
O the dreary, dreary moorland ! *O the* barren, barren shore !—(L. H.).
 Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue.—(L. H.).
The fire of Heaven is not *the* flame of Hell.—(Merl. Viv.).
She faintly smil'd, *she* hardly mov'd.—(Lett.).
Her early Heaven, *her* happy views.—(XXXIII.).
And feeding high, *and* living soft.—(Goose).
And reach'd *the* ship *and* caught *the* rope.—(Sail. b.).
O solemn ghost, *O* crowned soul.—(LXXXV.).
 So word *by* word and line *by* line.—(XCV.).
 Dregs of life and lees of man.—(Vis. of Sin).
 Hungry for honour, angry for his King.—(Princess, V.).
 Roll of cannon and clash of arms.—(Duke of Well.).
 Spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost.—(XCII.).
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.—(Duke of Well.).
O true in word and tried in deed.—(LXXXV.).
 That pierces *the* liver and blackens *the* blood.—(Islet).
 Then yelp'd *the* cur, and yawl'd *the* cat.—(Goose).
The land is sick, *the* people diseased.—(Vict.).
 Rift *the* hills and roll *the* waters.—(L. H.).
The graceful tact, *the* Christian heart.—(CX.).
The larger heart, *the* kindlier hand,
The flying cloud, *the* frosty light.—(CVI.).
The many fail, *the* one succeeds.—(Day-dr.).
The rites prepared, *the* victim bared.—(Vict.).
 Rang *the* stroke and sprang *the* blood.—(Tourney).
The shrill bell rings, *the* censer swings.—(Sir Gal.).
The forest cracked, *the* waters curl'd.—(Mem. XV.).
The towering car, *the* sable steeds.—(Duke of Well.).
A little flash, *a* mystic hint.—(XLIV.).
A higher height, *a* deeper deep.—(LXIII.).
It was all of it fair as life, *it was* all of it quiet as death.—
 (Maeld.).
I am sick of *the* Hall and *the* hill, *I am* sick of *the* moor and *the*
 main.—(Maud, I., 1).
Saved by *the* valour of Havelock, *saved* by *the* blessing of Heaven.—
 (Luckn.).
Shall I weep if a Poland fall, *shall* I shriek if a Hungary fail.—
 (Maud, I., 4).
And we took to playing at ball, *and* we took to throwing the stone.—
 (Maeld.).
Tho' *the* Roman eagle shadow *thee*, *tho'* *the* gathering enemy narrow
thee.—(Boad.).
Light *the* fading gleam of even ? *light* *the* glimmer of dawn.—(Sixty y.)

Like things of the season gay, like the beautiful season bland.—
(Maud, I., 3).

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see.—(H. Panth.).

No soul in the heaven above, no soul on the earth below.—(Despair).
Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung.—
Lock. H.).

Drops the heavy blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy fruitful tree.—
(Lock. H.).

Fear not, isle of blowing woodland, isle of silvery parapet.—(Boad.).
Gone, and a cloud in my heart, and a storm in the air.—(Window).
Flesh of my flesh was gone; but bone of my bone was left.—(Rizpah).
Vows that will last to the last death-ruckle; vows that are snapt in
a moment of fire.—(Vastness).

I am left alone on the sand, she is all alone in the sea.—(Despair).
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.—
(Lock. H.).

All I loved are vanish'd voices, all my steps are on the dead.—
(Sixty years).

What had he lov'd, what had he lost, this boy!—(Anc. S.).
How slowly down the rocks he went, how loth to quit the land.—
(Flight).

Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom.—(En. Ard.).
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes.—(Princess, IV.).

Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.—(Merl. Viv.).

By blood a King, at heart a clown.—(CXI.).

Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye.—(CXXIV.).

Millions of musket bullets and thousands of cannon balls.—(Luckn.).

And out I stept, and up I crept.—(Edw. Morris).

They leave the porch, they pass the grave.—(CXXXII.).

To range the wood, to roam the park.—(CXXXII.).

Rip your brother's vices open, strip your own foul passions bare.—
(60 y.).

And barking dogs and crowing cocks.—(Day-dr.).

The hedge broke in, the banner blew.—(Day-dr.).

The butler drank, the steward scrawl'd.—(Day-dr.).

The fire shot up, the martin flew.—(Day-dr.).

The parrot scream'd, the peacock squall'd.—(Day-dr.).

And one was far apart, and one was near,

And one was water, and one star was fire,

And one will ever shine, and one will pass.—(Last Tourn.).

Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the
crag.—(L. H.).

Catch the wild goat by the hair and hurl their lances in the sun.—
(L. B.).

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks.
—(L. H.).

Hold thine own and work thy will.—(Poet and crit.).

Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer.—(Goose).
 Dismal error ! ' fearful slaughter !—(Capt.).
 Tempest-buffed, citadel-crown'd.—(Will).
 On winding stream or distant sea.—(CXV.).
 Of early faith and plighted vows.—(XCVII.).
 And fair without, faithful within.—(Mem. XIII.).
 How pure at heart and sound in head.—(XCIV.).
 Truest friend, and noblest foe.—(Princ., VI.).
 An awful thought, a life removed.—(Mem. XIII.).
 Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.—(L.H.).
 Yet hate me not, but abide your lot.—(Spit. lett.).

Three or more parallelisms in the same line :

And the cock could not crow, and the bull could not low, and the dog could not bark.—(Mael.).
I have taken them home, I have number'd the bones, I have hidden them all.—(Rizp.).
I will sit at your feet, I will hide my face, I will tell you all.—(Wreck).
Mangled and flattened and crushed and dinted into the ground.—(Maud, I., 1).
We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at a brother's shame.—(Maud, I., 4).
And ever be mutter'd and madden'd and ever wann'd with despair.—(Maud, I., 1).
Star of the morning, Hope in the sunrise ; Gloom in the evening, Life at a close.—(Vastness).
All that is not best, all that is basest, all that is filthy, with all that is fair.—(Vastness).
Fast with your fasts, not feasting with your feasts, Grieve with your griefs, not grieving at your joys.—(Guinev.).
Shall we teach it a Roman lesson ? shall we care to be pitiful ? Shall we deal with it as an infant ? shall we dandle it amorously ?
 (Boad.).

Double parallelism in the same line :

Iron-jointed, double-sinewed, they shall dive and they shall run.—(L.H.).
After madness, after massacre, Jacobinism and Jacquerie.—(60 y.).

Parallelism with inversion :

Close the door, the shutters close.—(Desert. House).
Then move the trees, the copses move.—(Sir Gal.).
Loved deeper, darklier understood.—(CXXIX.).
Seeing I saw not, hearing not I heard.—(Princess, VI.).

The same parallelism in more than one line :

*Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun,
 Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks.*
 (L.H.).

Thine

The wreath of beauty, thine the crown of power.—(Merl. Viv.).

And thrice

They clashed together, and thrice they broke their spears.

(Mar. of Ger.).

The steps of Time, the shocks of chance,

The blows of death.—(Mem. XCV.).

And we took to playing at ball, and we took to throwing the stone,

And we took to playing at battle.—(Maeld.).

With agonies, with energies,

With overthrowings and with cries.—(CXIV.).

Every tiger madness muzzled every serpent passion killed,

Every grim ravine a garden, every blazing desert till'd —(60 y.).

Maud the delight of the village, the ringing joy of the Hall,

Maud the beloved of my mother, the moon-faced darling of all.

(Maud).

Man for the field and woman for the hearth,

Man for the sword and for the needle she,

Man for the head and woman for the heart,

Man to command and man to obey.—(Princess, V.).

It may easily be noted again how often parallelism throughout this section, just as repetition in Section I., is enhanced by all sorts of iterative effects, such as alliteration and even rhymes within the lines.

V.—PARALLELISM OF SINGLE LINES.

Parallelism in two lines is very frequent, especially in successive lines. It is very seldom completely free from repetition. Its linking effect is, moreover, sometimes greatly emphasized either by alliteration or by rhymes :

This is the son of Gorlois, not the King,

This is the son of Anton, not the King.—(Com. Arth.).

Kate saith : "The world is void of might."

Kate saith : "The men are gilded flies."—(Kate).

No more of hatred than in Heaven itself,

No more of jealousy than in Paradise.—(Balin and Balan).

Now with slack rein and careless of himself,

Now with dug spur and raving at himself.—(Balin and Balan).

And pass'd thro' Pagan realms and made them mine,

And clash'd with Pagan hordes, and bore them down.—(Holy Grail).

Until this earth he walks on seems not earth

This light that strikes his eyeball is not light.—(Holy Grail).

What if she hate me now ? I would not this.

What if she love me still ? I would not that.—(Last Tourn.).

Laughing *all she can*,
 Praying *all I can*.—(Lilian).
 Stern too at times, *and then I loved him not*,
 But sweet again, *and then I loved him well*.—(Com. of Arth.).
How could I rise and come away?
How could I look upon the day?—(Oriana).
They should have stabbed me where I lay,
They should have trod me in the clay.—(Oriana).
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the new year blithe and bold, my friend.—(Old Y.).
Let me and my passionate love go by,
Me and my harmful love go by.—(Maud, II., 2).
Better thou wert dead before me
Better thou and I were lying—(Lock. H.).
O happy sleep, that lightly fled!
O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!—(Day-dream).
What eyes, like thine, have waken'd hopes,
What lips, like thine, so sweetly joined?—(Day-dream).
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee.—(St. Agnes).
Let there be thistles, there are grapes;
If old things, there are new.—(Will Waterp.).
Warm broke the breeze against the brow,
Dry sang the tackle, sang the sail.—(Voyage).
But all their house was old and loved them both,
And all their house had known the loves of both.—(Lover's tale, IV.).
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named,
Truth-lover was our English Duke.—(Duke of W.).
Now, watching high on a mountain cornice,
Now, pacing mute by ocean's rim.—(Daisy).
He suffers, but he will not suffer long,
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong.—(Will).
O tell me where the passions meet,
O tell me where the senses mix.—(Mem. LXXXVIII.).
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend.—(Old Y.).
Why should we toil alone.
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things.—(Lot. Eat.).
Love took up the glass of time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;
Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with
might.—(Lock. H.),
Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring;
Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships.
(Lock. H.).

Many a hearth upon our dark globe sighs after *many a* vanished face,
Many a planet by *many a* sun may roll with the dust of a vanish'd
 race.—(Vastness).

Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow. (L.H.).

Saw *the heavens fill with commerce*, argosies of magic sails,

Heard *the heavens fill with shouting*, and there rained a ghastly
 dew.—(L.H.).

Truth, for Truth is Truth, he worshipt, being true as he was brave,
 Good, for Good is Good, he followed, yet he look'd beyond the
 grave.—(60 y. aft.).

Give her the glory of going on, and still to be,

Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.—(Wages).

A deep below *the deep*

And a height beyond *the height* !—(Voice and Peak).

Our hearing is not hearing,

And *our seeing is not sight*.—(Voice and Peak).

Now on some twisted ivy net,

Now by some tinkling rivulet.—(Launc. Guinev.).

Tho' you'll not see me, mother, *I shall* look upon your face ;

Tho' I cannot speak a word, *I shall* harken what you say.

(M.Q., 52).

And those lone sites *I have not seen*,

And one drear sound *I have not heard*.—(Dufferin).

The team is loosen'd from the wain,

The boat is drawn upon the shore.—(Mem. CXXI.).

Maud with her venturous climbings . . .

Maud with her sweet-purse mouth . . . —(Maud, I., 7).

Did I hear it half in a doze ?

Did I dream it an hour ago ?—(Maud, I., 7).

Till a silence fell *with the waking bird*,

And a hush *with the setting moon*.—(Maud, I., 22).

Half the night I waste in sighs,

Half in dreams I sorrow after.—(Maud, II., 4).

He thrids the labyrinth of the mind,

He reads the secret of the star.—(Mem. XCVII.).

So loud with voices of the birds,

So thick with lowings of the herds.—(Mem. XCIX.).

And each has pleased a kindred eye,

And each reflects a kindlier day.—(C.).

Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,

Mourn for the man of amplest influence.—(Duke of W.).

Sometimes I saw you sit and spin,

Sometimes I heard you sing within.—(M.'s d.).

*How may full-sailed verse express,
 How may measured words adore.*—(Elean.).
*Too long you keep the upper skies,
 Too long you roam and wheel at will.*—(Ros.).
*That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
 And dark and true and tender is the North.*—(Princess, IV.).
*And brief the sun of Summer in the North,
 And brief the moon of Beauty in the South.*—(Princess, IV.).
*So careful of the type she seems,
 So careless of the single life.*—(LV.).
*She with all the charm of woman,
 He with all the breadth of men.*—(60 years).
*Woman to her inmost heart,
 And woman to her tender feet.*—(60 years).
Wild woods in which we roved with him and heard his passionate
 vow,
Wild woods in which we rove no more, if we be parted now !—(Flight).
*She that holds the diamond necklace dearer than the golden ring,
 She that finds a winter sunset fairer than a morn of spring.*—(60 y.).
*Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face,
 Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall harken what you say.*—(M.Q.).
*But tho' his eyes are waning dim,
 And tho' his foes speak ill of him.*—(Old Y.).
*O Sun, that wakenest all to bliss or pain,
 O Moon, that layest all to sleep again.*—(Gar. Lyn.).
*O dewy flowers, that open to the sun,
 O dewy flowers, that close when day is done.*—(Gar. Lyn.).
*O birds, that warble to the morning sky,
 O birds, that warble as the day goes by.*—(Gar. Lyn.).
*Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands,
 Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands.*—(Mar. of Ger.).
And ever widening slowly silence all,
 That rotting inward *slowly* moulders all.—(Viv. Merl.).
*For fame, could fame be mine, that fame were thine,
 And shame, could shame be mine, that shame were mine.*
 (Merl. Viv.).
*For, if you love, it will be sweet to give it,
 And, if he love, it will be sweet to have it.*—(Lanc. El.).
*Being so very wilful you must go,
 Being so very wilful you must die.*—(Lanc. El.).
*Meeker than any child to a rough nurse,
 Milder than any mother to a sick child.*—(Lanc. El.).
*Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away,
 Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay.*—(Lanc. El.).
*I fain would follow love, if that could be,
 I needs must follow death, who calls for me.*—(Lanc. El.).

Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain,
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain.—(Lanc. El.).
A rose, but one, none other rose had I,
A rose, but one, what other rose had I.—(Pell. Ett.).
One rose, a rose to gather by and by,
One rose, a rose to gather and to wear.—(Pell. Ett.).
What, if she hate me now? I would not this,
What, if she love me still? I would not that.—(Last Tourn.).
Fast with your fasts, not feasting with your feasts,
Grieve with your griefs, not grieving with your joys.—(Guin.).
And you, my Miriam, born within the year,
And she, my Miriam, dead within the year.—(Ring.).
And gather the roses wherever they blow,
And find the white heather wherever you go.—(Romney).
I stagger at the Koran and the sword,
I shudder at the Christian and the stake.—(Akbar's dream).
Nor ever let you gambol in her sight,
Nor ever cheer'd you with a kindly smile.—(Ring.).
Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, sleep and dream of me,
Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, love and dream of me.
Sleep, Ellen, folded in thy sister's arm,
Sleep, Ellen, folded in Emilia's arm.—(Audl. C.).
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry,

She must weep or she will die,

Yet she neither spoke nor moved,

Yet she neither moved nor wept.—(Princ., V.).

And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play.—(Sail. b.).

Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!

Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!—(Alex.).

Glorying in the glories of her people,

Sorrowing with the sorrows of the lowest.—(Jubilee).

Let the weary be comforted,

Let the needy be banqueted.—(Jubilee).

Nothing of the lawless, of the Despot,

Nothing of the vulgar, or vainglorious.—(Jubilee).

All your hearts be in harmony,

All your voices in unison.—(Jubilee).

Murder would not veil your sin,

Marriage would not hide it.—(Forlorn).

Hers was the prettiest prattle . . .

Hers was the gratest heart . . .—(Child's hosp.).

Never a cry so desolate, not since the world began,

Never a kiss so sad, no, not since the coming of man.—(Despair).

Broke thro' the mass from below,

Drove thro' the midst of the foe.—(Heavy Brig.).

*Glory to each and all, and the charge they made,
 Glory to all the three hundred, and all the brigade.*—(Heavy Brig.).
 Unlifted was the clinking latch,

Weeded and worn the ancient thatch.—(Mariana).

Confusion, and illusion, and relation,

Elusion, and occasion, and invasion.—(Gar. Lyn.).

Let the sound of those he wrought for,

And the feet of those he fought for.—(Duke of W.).

Whither from this pretty house, the house where mother dwells,

Whither from this pretty house, this city-house of ours.
 (City Child).

All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones,

All among the meadows, the clover, the clematis.—(City Child).

Did they hear me, would they listen, did they pity me supplicating?

Shall I heed them in their anguish? Shall I brook to be supplicated?

(Boad.).

There the horde of Roman robbers mock at a barbarous adversary,

There the hive of Roman liars worship a gluttonous emperor-idiot.

(Boad.).

Lo their colony half-defended! Lo their colony Camulodune!

Lo their precious Roman bantling! Lo the colony Camulodune!

Lo the palaces and the temple! Lo the colony Camulodune!

(Boad.).

Somebody said that she'd say no,

Somebody knows that she'll say ay!—(Window).

Sun comes, moon comes,

Sun sets, moon sets.—(Window).

Here is the golden close of love,

For this is the golden morning of love.—(Window).

A year hence, a year hence,

A month hence,

A week hence.—(Window).

The seeming-wanton ripple break,

The tender-pencil'd shadow play.—(Mem. XLIX.).

And Time, a Maniac scattering dust,

And Life, a Fury slinging flame.—(Mem. L.).

So careful of the type she seems,

So careless of the single life.—(Mem. LV.).

O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me,

O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood?—(Mem. LIX.).

A distant dearness in the hill,

A secret sweetness in the stream.—(Mem. LXIII.).

All-comprehensive tenderness,
All-subtilising intellect.—(Mem. LXXXV.).
Nor waves the cypress in the palace wall,
Nor winks the gold fire in the porphyry font.—(Princ., V.).
O ye stars that shudder over me,
O earth that soundeth hollow under me.—(Com. of Arth.).
Have power on this dark land to lighten it,
And power on this dead world to make it live. (Ibid).
A walk of roses ran from door to door,
A walk of lilies crost it to the bower,—(Bal. Bal.).
As Love, if Love be perfect, casts out fear,
So Hate, if Hate be perfect, casts out fear.—(Merl. Viv.).
Meeker than any child to a rough nurse,
Milder than any mother to a sick child.—(Lanc. El.).
To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart.—(Lanc. El.).
Beyond my knowing of them, beautiful,
Beyond all knowing of them, wonderful.—(Holy Grail).
The circlet of the tourney round her brows
And the sword of the tourney across her throat.—(Pell. Ett.).
I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I mark'd Him in the flowering of His fields.—(Pass. of Arth.).
I, for I loved her, lost my love in Love ;
I, for I loved her, graspt the hand she loved.—(Lov.'s t.).
Of all my treasures the most beautiful,
Of all things upon earth the dearest to me.—(Ibid.).
Some say, the Light was father of the night,
And some, the Night was father of the light.—(Anc. Sage).
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more ;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.—(Princ., IV.).
When every morning brought out a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble light.—(Morte d'A.).
But thou, O thou killest hadst thou known,
O thou that stonest, hadst thou understood.—(Ayml.'s f.).
And every voice she talk'd with ratify it,
And every face she look'd on justify it.—(Princ., V.).
Too comic for the solemn things they are,
Too solemn for the comic touches in them.—(Princ., VII.).
And in the lowest beasts are slaying men,
And in the second men are slaying beasts.—(Holy Grail).
Sleep, breathing health and peace upon her breast,
Sleep, breathing love and trust against her lip.—(Audley Court).
The slow sweet hours that bring all things good,
The slow sad hours that bring all things ill—(Love and Duty).
He must have seen ; himself had seen it long,
He must have known ; himself had known ; besides.—(Ayml.'s f.)
Fairer than Rachel by the paling well,
Fairer than Ruth among the fields of corn.—(Ayml.'s f.).

Parallelism of construction is not always exclusive of some **inversion** :

In your eye there is death,
There is frost in your breath.—(Poet's m.).
Himself unto himself he sold :
Upon himself himself did feed.—(A char.).
For dark my mother was in eyes and hair,
And dark in hair and eyes am I.—(Com. of Arth.).
Barketh the shepherd dog cheerly ; the grasshopper carolleth
clearly ;
Deeply the wood-dove coos ; shrilly the owlet halloos.
(Leon. Eleg.).

The deep has power on the height,
And the height has power on the deep.—(Voice and Peak).
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine.—(Enone).
Late, late, so late ! and dark the night and chill,
No light, so late and dark and chill the night.—(Guin.).

The two parallel constructions of one line are sometimes developed into a following full-line construction :

Nor bird would sing, nor lamb would bleat
Nor any cloud would cross the vault.—(Mar. in S.).
Who took a wife, who reared his race,
Whose wrinkles gathered in his face,
Whose troubles number with his days.—(Two voices).
She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom.—(Lady of Sh.).
From flower to flower, from snow to snow,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May.—(Mem. XXII.).
The peak is high, and the stars are high,
And the thought of a man is higher.—(Voice and Peak).

Three or more lines, hence stanzas, parts of poems, are sometimes inwardly linked by parallelism of single lines :

She stood upon the castle wall,
Oriana,
She watched my crest among them all,
Oriana.
She saw me fight, she heard me call.—(Oriana).
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.—(Mariana).

*Fifty years of ever broadening Commerce,
Fifty years of ever brightening Science,
Fifty years of ever widening Empire.*—(Jubilee).

*Prophet of the gay time,
Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses.*—(Snowdrop).

*Fell like a cannon shot,
Burst like a thunderbolt,
Crash'd like a hurricane.*—(Light Brig.).

*For every grain of sand that runs,
And every span of shade that steals,
And every kiss of toothed wheels.*—(CXVII.).

*And heated hot with burning fears
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom.*—(CXVIII.).

*O sorrow, then can sorrow wane ?
O grief, can grief be changed to less ?
O last regret, regret can die !*—(LXXVIII.).

*The blaze upon the waters to the east,
The blaze upon his island overhead,
The blaze upon the waters to the west.*—(En. Ard.).

*He praised his land, his horses, his machines,
He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his dogs,
He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-pigs.*—(Brook).

*She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry,
Yet she neither spoke nor moved,
Yet she neither moved nor wept.*—(Princ., VI.).

*Then every evil word I had spoken once,
And every evil thought I had thought of old,
And every evil deed I ever did.*—(Holy Grail).

*O not so strange as my long asking it,
Not yet so strange as you yourself are strange,
Not half so strange as that dark mood of yours.*—(Merl. Viv.).

And the rainbow forms and flies on the land

And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand ;

And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave.—(Sea-fairies).

*Sometimes the linnet piped his song,
Sometimes the throistle whistled strong,
Sometimes the sparrowhawk wheel'd along.*—(Lanc. and Guinevere).

Let the long, long procession go,
 And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
 And let the mournful martial music blow.—(Duke of W.).

*We feel we are nothing,—for all is Thou and in Thee,
 We feel we are something,—that also has come from Thee,
 We know we are nothing,—but Thou wilt help us to be.*
 (De Prof.).

*The stream flows,
 The wind blows,
 The cloud fleets,
 The heart beats.
 The stream will cease to flow,
 The wind will cease to blow,
 The clouds will cease to fleet,
 The hearts will cease to beat.
 The jaw is falling,
 The red cheek paling,
 The strong limbs failing,*

The eye-balls fixing —(All Things).

*Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth !
 Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth !
 Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule !
 Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool !*
 (L.H.).

*I hear the noise about the keel ;
 I hear the bell struck in the night,
 I see the cabin-window bright,
 I see the sailor at the wheel.*—(Mem. X.).

*The red rose cries : She is near, she is near.
 And the white rose weeps : She is late,
 The larkspur listens : I hear, I hear,
 And the lily whispers : I wait.*—(M., I., 22).

*The frost is here,
 And fuel is dear,
 And woods are sear,
 And fires burn clear,
 And frost is here
 And has bitten the heel of the going year.
 The woods are all the searer,
 The fuel is all the dearer,
 The fires are all the clearer,
 My spring is all the nearer.
 You have bitten into the heart of the earth.*—(Window).

*The clear-voiced mavis dwelleth,
 The callow throstle lispeth,*

*The slumberous wave outwelleth,
The babbling runnel crispeth,
The hollow grot replieth.*—(Claribel).

*And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the soughing reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marish-flowers that throng*
. . . —(Dy. Sw.).

May all *love*,
His *love*, unseen but felt, o'ershadow *Thee*,
The love of all thy sons encompass Thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish Thee,
The love of all thy people comfort Thee,
Till God's *love* set *thee* at his side again.—(Id. K., ded.).

*There will I enter in among them all,
And no man there will dare to mock at me ;
But there the fine Gawain will wonder at me,
And there the great Sir Lancelot muse at me ;
Gawain, who bade a thousand farewells to me,
Lancelot, who coldly went nor bad me one :
And there the King will know me and my love,
And there the Queen herself will pity me,
And all the gentle court will welcome me.*—(Lanc. El.).

VI.—PARALLELISM OF COUPLES OR OF GROUPS OF LINES.

Just as in Section III. we have traced the gradual development of irregular repetition of phrases into regular burdens, here we may trace the gradual development of parallelism of construction into regular stanzas ; for stanzas spring up from parallelism, just as burdens spring up from repetition, parallelism of grammatical construction very often concurring with parallelism of prosodical construction. And here again we may notice how, unconsciously resorting to the various ways of primitive poetry, Tennyson's bold spirit of artistic invention proved, even to the last, yet especially in the early stages of his career, fond of the freedom of irregular strains, whatever skill he may have displayed, when needful, in the proper management of regular stanzas.

Parallelism of construction often links one or two or even three **successive lines** to two or three other lines :

*O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor-lad,
That he sings in his boat in the bay !—(To E.L.).*

*As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
To yonder shining ground,
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round.—(St. Agnes).*

*Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed,
My dust would hear her and beat.—(Maud, XXII., 11).*

*And one is glad ; her note is gay,
For now her little ones have ranged ;
And one is sad ; her note is changed,
Because her brood is stolen away.—(XXI.).*

*My warning that the tyranny of one
Was prelude to the tyranny of all ;
My counsel that the tyranny of all
Led backward to the tyranny of one.—(Tiresias).*

Trample me,

*And I will pay your worship ; tread me down,
And I will kiss you for it.—(Mer. Viv.).*

Where is my loved one ? Wherefore do we wail ?

*We know not, and we know not why we wail.
Where do ye make your moaning for my child ?
We know not, and we know not why we moan.—(Demeter).*

*Wherever he sat down and sung,
He left a small plantation ;
Wherever in a lonely grove
He set up his forlorn pipes.—(Amphion).*

*It may be I have wrought some miracles
And cured some halt and maimed ; but what of that ?
It may be, no one, even among the saints,
May match his pains with mine ; but what of that ?—(St. Sim.).*

*Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one,
That sinks with all we love below the verge.—(Prince., IV.).*

Now *tolds* the lily all her sweetness up,
 And *slips* into the bosom of the lake,
 So *fold* thyself, my dearest, thou, and *slip*
 Into my bosom and be lost in me.—(Prince., V.).

Which was less than Hope,
Because it lack'd the power of perfect *Hope*,
But which was more and higher *than all Hope*,
Because all other *Hope* was lower aim.—(Lov.'s t.).

Many a morning on the woodland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fulness of Spring.
Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

(Locksley Hall).

Two or three or more successive couples of lines are sometimes linked by parallelism of construction (in one case at least relieved by some inversion):

At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone ;
At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the moss'd headstone ;
At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone.—(Clar.).

The full-flowing harmony
Of thy swan-like stateliness,
Eleänore ?
The luxuriant symmetry
Of thy floating gracefulness,
Eleänore ?—(Eleänore).

Birds' love and birds' song,
Flying here and there,
Birds' song and birds' love,
And you with gold for hair !
Birds' song and birds' love,
Passing with the weather,
Men's song and men's love,
To love once and for ever.
Men's love and bird's love,
And women's love and men's.—(Window).

When will the stream be aweary of flowing
Under my eye ?
When will the wind be aweary of blowing
Over the sky ?
When will the clouds be aweary of fleeting ?
When will the the heart be aweary of beating ?—(Noth. will die).

Two or more **stanzas**, long **parts of poems** and even **whole poems**, are often linked by more or less incomplete, sometimes scattered, although usually initial, parallelism of construction :

O hither come

And merrily

And the spangle dances

And the rainbow forms

And the rainbow lives

And the rainbow hangs

And sweet is the colour

And sweet shall

O hither

O listen

O listen—(Sea-fairies).

Who would be?

I would be

I would sit

I would fill

. . . . I would roam

I would kiss

And then we would

There would be

We would call

They would pelt

But I would throw

I would kiss

We would live—(Merman).

I would be the jewel

I'd touch her neck

And I would be the girdle

And I should know

I'd clasp it round

And I would be necklace

And I would lie—(Miller's d.).

And round the cool green courts there ran a row

And round the roofs a gilded gallery

. . . .—(Pal. of Art.).

Full of long-sounding corridors it was,

Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,
 . . . —(Pal. of Art.).

One seem'd all dark and red,

One show'd an iron coast and . . .

And one, a full-fed river winding slow,

And one, the reapers at their sultry toil,

And one, a foreground black with stones and slags,

And one, an English home . . . —(P. of A.).

O joy to him . . .

O sound . . .

O bliss . . . —(Mem. LXXXIX.)

Unwatch'd, the garden bough . . .

Unloved, the sunflower . . .

Unloved, by many . . .

Uncared for, . . . —(Mem. CI.).

Now fades the last strong streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,

The distance takes a lovelier hue

And drown'd in yonder living blue

The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,

The flocks are whiter down the vale,

And milkier every milky sail

On winding stream or distant sea.—(Mem. CXV.).

What if with her sunny hair

And smile as sunny as cold,

What if tho' her eye seemed full

Of a kind intent to me,

What if that dandy-despot, he

What if he had told her yestermorn.—(Maud, I., 6).

. . .
 "O love for such another
 kiss";
 "O wake for ever, love," she
 hears,
 "O love, 'twas such as this
 and this,"
*And o'er them many a sliding
 star,
 And many a merry wind was
 borne,
 And, stream'd thro' many a
 golden bar,
 The twilight melted into morn.*

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,

Wind of the western sea !
 Over the rolling waters go,

Come from the dying moon and
 blow,

Blow him again to me ;
 While my little one, while my
 pretty one, sleeps.

*O Swallow, Swallow, flying, fly-
 ing South,
 Fly to her, and fall upon her
 gilded eaves,
 And tell her, tell her, what I tell
 to thee.*

*What does little birdie say
 In her nest at peep of day ?
 Let me fly, says little birdie,
 Mother, let me fly away.
 Birdie, rest a little longer,
 Till the little wings are stronger.
 So she rests a little longer,
 Then she flies away.*

"O eyes, long laid in happy
 sleep !"

"O happy sleep, that lightly
 fled !"

"O happy kiss, that woke thy
 sleep !"

"O love, thy kiss would wake
 the dead."

*And o'er them many a flowing
 range
 Of vapour buoyed the crescent-
 bark,
 And, rapt thro' many a rosy
 change,
 The twilight died into the dark.
 (Day-dream).*

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon,
 Rest, rest, on thy mother's
 breast,

Father will come to thee soon !
 Father will come to his babe in
 the nest,

Silver sails all out of the west

Under the silver moon.
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my
 pretty one, sleep.

(Princ., III.).

*O Swallow, flying from the golden
 woods,*

*Fly to her, and pipe and woo
 her, and make her mine,*

*And tell her, tell her, that I
 follow thee.—(Princess, V.).*

*What does little baby say
 In her bed at peep of day ?
 Baby says, like little birdie,
 Let me rise and fly away.
 Baby, sleep a little longer,
 Till the little limbs are stronger.
 If she sleeps a little longer,
 Baby too shall fly away.*

(Sea-dreams).

*When cats run home and light
is come,
And dew is cold upon the
ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,*

*And the whirring sail goes
round,
And the whirring sail goes
round ;*

*Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.*

*When merry milkmaids click
the latch,
And rarely smells the new-
mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath
the thatch*

Twice or thrice his roundelay,

Twice or thrice his roundelay ;

*Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.
(Owl, I.).*

Midnight, in no summer time

*The breakers lash the shore,
The cuckoo of a joyless June
Is calling out of door,
And thou hast vanish'd from
thine own,
To that which looks like rest.
True brother, only to be known
By those who love thee best.*

*Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well ;*

*Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,*

Rode the Six Hundred.

*O let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so
sweet ;*

*Then let come what come may,
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.*

*Midnight,—and joyless June
gone by,*

*And from the deluged park
The cuckoo of a worn July
Is calling thro' the dark.
But thou art silent underground,*

*And o'er thee streams the rain.
True poet, surely to be found
When Truth is found again.*

*Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Whilst horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of Six Hundred.*

(Light Brigade).

*Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me
Before I am quite, quite sure
That there is one to love me ;*

*Then let come what come may
To a life that has been so sad,
I shall have had my day.*

(Mem., XI.).

*Birds in the high Hall garden,
When twilight was falling,*

*Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.*

*O diviner Air,
Thro' the heat, the drouth, the
dust, the glare,*

*Far from out the west in shadow-
ing showers,
Over all the meadow baked and
bare,
Making fresh and fair
All the bowers and the flowers,
Fainting flowers, faded bowers,
Over all this weary world of
ours
Breathe, diviner Air.*

*Dainty little maiden, whither
would you wander?*

*Whither from this pretty home,
the home where mother
dwells?*

*"Far and far away," said the
dainty little maiden,*

*"All among the gardens, auricu-
las, anemones,*

*Roses and lilies and Canterbury-
bells."*

*Vine, vine and eglantine,
Clasp her window, trail and
twine!*

*Rose, rose and clematis,
Trail and twine and clasp and
kiss,*

*Kiss, kiss; and make her a
bower,*

*All of flowers, and drop me a
flower,*

Drop me a flower.

*Birds in the high Hall garden
Were crying and calling to
her,*

*Where is Maud, Maud, Maud?
One is come to woo her.*

(M., XII.).

*O diviner Light,
Thro' the cloud that roofs our
noon with night,
Thro' the blotting mist, the
blinding showers,
Far from out sky for ever bright,*

*Over all the woodland's flooded
bowers,
Over all the meadow's drowning
flowers,*

*Over all this ruin'd world of
ours,
Break, diviner Light.—(Sisters).*

*Dainty little maiden, whither
would you wander?*

*Whither from this pretty house,
this city house of ours?*

*"Far and far away," said the
dainty little maiden,*

*"All among the meadows, the
clover, the clematis,*

*Daisies and kingcups and honey-
suckle flowers.—(City Child).*

*Vine, vine and eglantine,
Cannot a flower, a flower be
mine?*

*Rose, rose and clematis,
Drop me a flower, a flower to kiss,*

Kiss, kiss,—and out of her bower

All of flowers, a flower, a flower,

Dropt, a flower.—(Window).

*Who would be
A merman bold,
Sitting alone,*

Singing alone

*Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,*

*On a throne?
I would be a merman bold.
I would sit and sing the whole of
the day . . .*

*And then we would wander away,
away. (Merman).*

*When will the stream be weary
of flowing*

Under my eye?

*When will the wind be weary
of blowing*

Over the sky?

*When will the clouds be weary
of fleeting?*

*When will the heart be weary
of beating?*

And nature die?

*Never, oh ! never, nothing will
die ;*

The stream flows,

The wind blows,

The cloud fleets,

The heart beats,

Nothing will die.

Nothing will die . . .

So let the wind range ;

For even and morn

Ever will be

Thro' eternity.

Nothing was born ;

Nothing will die ;

All things will change.

*Who would be
A mermaid fair,*

*Singing alone,
Combing her hair*

*Under the sea,
In a golden curl*

*On a throne?
I would be a mermaid fair.
I would sing the whole of the
day, . . .*

*But at night I would wander
away, away. (Mermaid).*

*Clearly the blue river chimes in
its flowing*

Under my eye ;

*Warmly and broadly the south
winds are blowing*

Over the sky.

*One after another the white
clouds are fleeting,*

*Every heart this May morning
in joyance is beating*

Full merrily ;

Yet all things must die.

*The stream will cease to
flow,*

*The wind will cease to
blow,*

The clouds will cease to fleet,

The heart will cease to beat,

For all things must die.

All things must die . . .

So let the warm winds range

For even and morn

Ye will never see

Thro' eternity.

All things were born.

For all things must die.

Perhaps none of Tennyson's poems contains more parallelisms mixed up with repetitions than the scattered tercets in "Gareth and Lynette": it is a typical example of the two combined forms of iteration.

O Morning-Star *that* smilest in the blue,
O Star, my morning dream hath proven true,
Smile *sweetly*, thou! *my love hath smiled on me.*

O Sun, *that* wakenest *all* to bliss and pain,
O Moon, *that* layest *all* to sleep again,
Shine *sweetly*; *twice my love hath smiled on me.*

O dewy flowers, *that* open to the sun,
O dewy flowers, *that* close when day is done,
Blow *sweetly*; *twice my love hath smiled on me.*

O birds, *that* warble to the morning sky,
O birds, *that* warble as the day goes by,
Sing *sweetly*: *twice my love hath smiled on me.*

O trefoil, sparkling on the rainy plain,
O rainbow, with three colours after rain,
Shine *sweetly*: *thrice my love hath smiled on me.*

PART II.

CHRONOLOGICAL STUDY.

THE analytical classification of Tennyson's various forms of repetition and parallelism logically leads to a synthetical study of their employment in chronological order.

A born artist, or rather, as he repeated after some critic of his, "artist first, then poet,"¹ Tennyson was for ever, from his earliest youth to his most advanced old age, in search of such metrical processes as might best suit the fastidious refinement of his most dreamy fancies or subtle thoughts. We must therefore bear in mind that, at the very time when he was "tuning his unskilled pipes in the Lincolnshire fens" or in his college chambers, a still prevailing influence, rich in musical effects, that of ballads, could not but tell strongly upon his technical education, as strongly indeed as it did upon his preraphaelite rivals' equally elaborate art; and that very influence was even the greater, as the most admired artist of the previous poetical school, Coleridge, then appeared at best as a most refined balladist. We indeed know, from the concordant testimony of Tennyson's early friends, how much, when a freshman at Cambridge, he enjoyed the weird poet's rare masterpieces, together with their rude primitive models; what was his special devotion to *Kubla Khan*, *The Ancient Mariner*, and *Christabel*; how readily he would recite "the many ballads which he knew by heart, *Clarke Saunders*, *Helen of Kirkconnel*, *May Margaret*, and others."² Now, it is a plain

¹ *Alfred, Lord Tennyson*; a memoir, by his son. Tauchnitz edition. Vol. I., p. 37.

² *Ibid.*, Vol. I., pp. 79, 77.

fact that, of both early and modern ballads, one of the most conspicuous features is indeed the perpetual recurrence of repetitive and parallel effects. "Successive repetition, for instance," says Prof. Alphonso Smith,¹ "occurs more frequently in the older ballads and romances than in any other distinct variety of verse. If the first line of the stanza contains the direct words of the speaker—usually in the form of command, entreaty, address, or of unlooked-for announcement—the second line generally repeats in whole or in part the most emphatic of the words that have preceded. The consistency with which this form of repetition is carried out in the older poetry of the language may be said to constitute almost a formula for ballad structure." To his unquestionable admiration and even imitation of Coleridge and other late or early ballad-mongers we may therefore to a large extent ascribe the uncommon frequency of repetitions and parallelisms in Tennyson's *Juvenilia*.

Yet another cause, the more lasting throughout Tennyson's life as it lay deeper in his own mind, we find also in the very sources of his peculiar inspiration. Hallam Tennyson keeps on repeating in his *Memoir*: "My father's poems were generally based on some single phrase like 'Someone had blundered,' and were rolled about, so to speak, in his head before he wrote them down; and hence they did not easily slip from his memory."² Likewise, *Maud*, according to Aubrey de Vere, was, as it were, "spun backward" out of the four lines:

O that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again.³

"Four unpublished lines of the old *Locksley Hall*," again says Hallam Tennyson, "were the nucleus of the *Locksley*

¹ *Op. Cit.*, 13.

² *Op. Cit.*, II., 149, 180.

³ *Ibid.*, II., 146.

Hall Sixty Years After; *The Northern Farmer* old style is founded on the dying words of a farm-bailiff, . . . and *The Farmer* new style on a single sentence."¹ We are, besides, aware that, whenever such slight germ had been casually dropped into the poet's brain, he would for weeks or for days, more or less unconsciously, brood over it, gradually feeling, according to his mood, either eager or afraid of evolving it at last into full blooming life: "In his working hours and even on the Downs," adds his son, "he would murmur his new passages or new lines as they came to him, a habit which had always been his since boyhood."² But when suddenly the flush of inspiration came upon him, in "sacred hours" of perfect quiet, "with a far-away rapt look on his face," he would yield in a wonderfully short time the ripe fruits of such long "unseen germinations."³ Thus *The Charge of the Light Brigade* was dashed off "in a few minutes." *San Graal*, after much painful apprehension, was finished "in about a week: it came like a breath of inspiration"; *Enoch Arden* was written out "in about a fortnight." *Guinevere* and *Elaine* "were composed in a few weeks and hardly corrected at all."⁴ With all such testimonies concerning this long, hesitating, tentative period of incubation that preceded the brief crisis of production the confessions of the poet himself are in complete agreement. In *The Miller's Daughter*, before striking his tune, the hero says:

A love-song I have somewhere read,
 An echo from a measured strain,
 Beat time to nothing in my head
 From some odd corner of my brain.

It haunted me, the morning long,
 With weary sameness in the rhymes,
 The phantom of a silent song
 That went and came a thousand times.

¹ *Op. Cit.*, II., 278; III., 63.

² *Ibid.*, II., 145.

³ *Ibid.*, II., 222; III., 41, 81; I., 206, 107.

⁴ *Ibid.*, II., 149, 222, 285; III., 47.

Again, in *The Daisy*, he dwells on a similar obstinacy of musical measures, to which he had been actually subjected when travelling in Italy :

And in my head for half the day
The rich Virgilian rustic measure
Of Lari Maxume, all the way,
Like ballad-burthen music, kept.

Likewise, Maud's lover in a despondent mood complains :

An old song vexes my ear ;
But that of Lameth is mine.

Then, from the perfect agreement of all these statements and self-disclosures, is not one entitled to infer that, in many of Tennyson's most musical lyrics, which are but the refined products of such ruminating habits of his mind, parallelism and repetition are but the rhythmical effects of his persistent moods and haunting thoughts? "People sometimes say how 'studiedly alliterative' my verse is," was one of his complaints. "Why," he expostulates, "when I spout my lines first, they come out so alliteratively that I have sometimes no end of trouble to get rid of the alliteration."¹ Likewise, about repetition and parallelism, we might as safely conclude that Tennyson's poetry is at large far less studiedly than naturally iterative, too.

The 1830 volume is full of iterations of all kinds.² One of its most striking poems is a ballad, *Oriana*, written at Trinity College; and there we find not only the quaint name repeated four times in each of its eleven stanzas, but all the traditional tricks of the clever ballad-

¹ *Op. Cit.*, II., 285.

² Of course, this part of our book should be read with the works of Tennyson in hand; otherwise the mere quotation of repetitions and parallelisms referred to would have more than doubled the size of our own volume.

monger—repetitions of words and parallelism of lines, as well as alliterations and iterated rhymes. The four *Songs* that have been preserved are either parallelly built or burdened with long refrains; sometimes they are both. The *Dirge* has a double refrain; the *Arabian Nights* has a long, intricate one; two stanzas of *A Character* are parallelly built. The *Claribel* melody is, in its second part, quite made up of parallel lines, just as the whole poem *Circumstance*. The *Wild-Swan's Death Hymn* comes to a solemn close in the protracted parallelism of its finale. Poor forlorn Mariana vents her melancholy not only in the monotone of her slightly varying burden, but also in the repetitive construction of her weary lines. The twin poems, *Nothing will die*, *All things will die*, are closely connected by the symmetry of their elaborate form, the dominant truth of each, asserted in the occasional burden, being forcibly imaged in their groups of parallel lines.

Likewise, all the airy music played for the fame of fancy females, be they Adeline or Madeline, Eleanor or Rosalind, the fairy Lilian or the plain Kate, is tuned to the well-chosen keynote of their ever-recurring names, and emphasized by their finely worded epithets or sustained by occasional repetitions of lines or phrases. Yet the most dreamy poems, being meant to be the most suggestive, are, as a matter of course, the most iterative ones; thus, the subtle strain of emotional inspiration in *The Sea-fairies* and their kindred companions, *The Merman* and *The Mermaid*, is, as we have seen, supported throughout by the sameness of their construction and reinforced by all the most obvious devices of iteration. Even in the most intellectual poems, in the *Ode to Memory*, in *The Deserted House*, in *The Poet's Mind*, and in some *Sonnets*, repetitions, parallelism, and occasional burdens are more or less scattered. Nay, in spite of all this lavish use of iteration, all the published poems are in this respect by far inferior to some unpublished ones. In the *Memoir*, for instance, we find, besides a fantastic ballad, *The Coach of Death*, which contains its due amount of repetends, three other poems: *The Bridal*, *Anacaona*, and *The Song of the Three Sisters*, whose

excessive profusion of repetitions and parallelism is perhaps the very cause of their rejection.

From this rapid review of his earliest works we may then safely infer that from his very youth Tennyson was even to a fault fond of this most antiquated, though lately renewed, process of poetical style; nor can we entirely complain of it, since not only the most melodious, if not the best, of these early poems are perhaps the most iterative ones, but also much of his best mature work owes a great deal of its musical beauty to this double form of iteration.

Repetition and parallelism are, though perhaps more scarce, no less interesting in the 1832 volume. The double burden of the initial ballad, *The Lady of Shalott*, quite in the preraphaelite style, has a more musical than significative value; but the old-fashioned ballad, *The Sisters*, keeps in its own double and slightly varying refrain a most undeniable pathos. *Mariana in the South*, with its greatly varying burden, is altogether less repetitive than *Mariana in the Moated Grange*. The refrain of *The Old Year* is perhaps, with the only exception of *The Victim*, the most irregular, if not the least effective, one in all Tennyson's poems. *Lady Clara Vere de Vere* has hardly any other repetition than its initial line. *Fatima* has no burden, but only two initial repetitions of phrases and a double final development. The easy parallelism of *The Goose*, of course, merely means fun. True to say, the two last stanzas, *To John Spedding*, are linked by a fine effect of word-repetition; many stanzas of *The Palace of Art* are more or less slightly strung up by initial repetitions of words; some of *The Two Voices* are similarly connected, while others are strongly emphasized by scattered repetitions of words and phrases; *The Lotus-Eaters*, though much less iterative than its three prototypes, has beautiful, because most subtly suggestive, effects both of repetition of words and phrases, and of parallelism.

However, in this double respect, the main interest seems, from our standpoint, to lie in *The May Queen*, in *Enone*, and in the two lyrics of *The Miller's Daughter*. In *The May Queen* the frequency of repetition and parallelism is not only, we believe, such a childish way of speaking as suits a very little girl, but a means of knitting together long lines whose rhymes might prove insufficient; and this skilful device is, indeed, as we shall observe, even more repeatedly resorted to in such long-lined poems as, for instance, the two *Locksley Hall*. In the classical poem of *Enone* we find, besides divers effects of repetition and parallelism, an initial varying burden:

O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.

This burden Tennyson very likely imitated from his favourite Sicilian poets; for Theocritus, whom Tennyson read over and over again and even partly translated, had used a similar one, not only in his *Thyrsis*, but also in *The Enchantress*, whose elegiac inspiration is somewhat alike to that of *Enone*, just as Moschus had done in his famous elegy on *The Death of Bion*.¹ This particular imitation is the more noteworthy, as it is perhaps one of the most conspicuous features in the likeness to be perceived between the idyllic school of Alexandria and Tennyson's own idyllic poetry.²

Lyrics not unlike those in *The Miller's Daughter* and in many other long poems of Tennyson, are likewise scattered in the Sicilian eclogues, though we think that their influence over Tennyson was by far inferior to that of similar English songs of the 16th and 17th centuries. However, in such lyrical outbursts spontaneous inspiration has, we believe, much more to do than any elaborate imitation. Reminiscence may, indeed, be of more or less

¹ Milton almost entirely dropped this elegiac device in his *Lycidas*, whereas Shelley resorted to it in the beginning of his *Adonais*.

² See Cl. Stedman's *Victorian Poets*, p. 218 (cf. *Preface*, p. ix., n. 4).

avail in the way of suggestion; but poetical melodies, whose subtle inspiration lies deeper than thought, seem to us readily, if not unconsciously, to have sprung from the very depths of a musical soul. At any rate, in the first lyric of *The Miller's Daughter*, though the earliest suggestion might come from a similar poem of Anacreon, equally full of repetition and parallelism, the predominant feeling, a mere wish, is, just as in *The Merman* and *The Mermaid*, expressed by the same conditional "I would," which, running throughout the three stanzas, links them by parallelism and imparts to them continuity of movement. In the second lyric the word "love," repeated three times in each stanza, is the very keynote of the whole poem. Other repetitions and parallelisms are but wandering melodies added to the regularity of rhymes and rhythm.¹

The use of iteration keeps on as interesting in the mature as in the early poems of Tennyson. Then blank verse is, but for a few exceptions, as in *Edward Morris*, for instance, remarkably free from repetition and parallelism, as though its easy and natural flow did not admit of any obstruction. Yet there are such effects in the *Morte d'Arthur*, in *Dora*, and in *St. Simeon Stylites*; but repetitions of words, phrases, and lines are, in the first of these poems, truly "faint Homeric echoes," just as in the second they are quite biblical, having in both poems either the apparently careless simplicity of old epics or the unobtrusive emphasis of plain narratives.

The most fluent rhyming poems, like *The Captain*, *Sir Galahad*, *Sir Launcelot and Guinevere*, *Amphion*, *The Voyage*, and *St. Agnes*, have either light and numerous, or few but striking, effects of repetition and parallelism. These effects

¹ We find in one of the poems published in the *Memoir*, *Youth*, a repetitive effect of "Come" somewhat similar to the one resumed fifty years later in *The Progress of Spring*.

are especially crowded in the most passionate part (*The Departure*) of *The Day dream*. The many repetitions of *Edward Gray* and of *Lady Clare* are only ballad-like. The length of the long lines of *Locksley Hall* is, as in *The May Queen*, greatly relieved by frequent initial repetitions and their consequent parallelisms, though both may also be psychologically accounted for by sustained strains of passion.

The double value of occasional repetitions of lines and burdens is quite obvious in many more or less lengthy poems; more emphasis is thus given to the predominant feeling, while more unity, *i.e.*, continuity, is imparted to the whole length; hence a relief to attention and a gain in art. Thus the imperfect burden of *St. Simeon Stylites* sets forth the very climax of his eagerly redoubled prayers; the recurring stanzas of *The Talking Oak* and of *The Vision of Sin* keep up throughout their length the prevalent keynote, either humorously sentimental or cynically uproarious, just as in *The Brook* the three repeated lines subtly hint at the simple morality that rules all its exquisite babble.

The lyrics of that time are as full of repetitions and parallelisms as any. The famous little one beginning with the treble repetition "*Break, break, break!*" has, out of four stanzas, two parallel ones and another whose two parts are equally parallel, so that the spontaneousness of its original inspiration has been preserved throughout.¹ The four quatrains of *A Farewell* are banded not only by a final burden, but by initial repetitions almost in each line. In "*Oh! who would fight*" both initial and final repetitions, and in "*Sleep, Ellen Aubrey,*" successive repetitions distinctly show how blank verse stanzas may be perfectly linked by the skilful use of such a means, whereas the imperfection of *The Golden Year*, on the contrary, is perhaps due to the inefficiency of its single final burden.

¹ "This poem," says H. Tennyson (*Op. Cit.*, Vol. I., p. 223) "was made in a Lincolnshire lane, at five o'clock in the morning, between blossoming hedges."

Even in *The Princess*, despite the many effects of repetition and parallelism scattered throughout its blank verse, the true interest lies, from our standpoint, in its wonderful lyrics. Here iteration may almost be said to reign supreme. The five rhymeless stanzas of "*Our enemies have fallen*" are knitted by their initial burden. The burden of "*Ask no more*" is not only initial, but also terminal. Out of the four stanzas of "*Home they brought*" the three first ones are linked by final parallelism and the two last ones by an initial one. The two-lined burden of "*Blow, bugle, blow,*" is almost wholly made up, but for a variant, of repeated words and phrases. The one-lined burden of "*As thro' the land*" is twice preceded with a twice repeated line. "*Now sleeps the crimson petal*" has but one rhyme throughout, but the unity of the whole is kept up by the initial repetition of "*Now*" with its consequent parallelisms and by some other similar effects. The four stanzas of "*Tears, idle tears,*" are banded not only by their short burden, but also by their skilful repetition of words, and especially by the easy parallelism of their simple construction. "*O Swallow*" has no rhyme nor burden at all; but the two first and the two last stanzas are symmetrically parallel, and the same movement links the eight stanzas of the poem.¹ As to the cradle-song, "*Sweet and Low,*" it is as full of repetitions and parallelisms as the other childish songs of Tennyson, such as the lullaby of *The Sea-dreams*, and *The City Child*, and *Minnie and Winnie* of the *Child-Songs*. Therefore, by so successfully writing unrhymed stanzas, Tennyson has, no doubt, performed a feat which has so often proved, with less skilful artists, an utter failure, though such a device be, indeed, in perfect accordance with the underlying laws of esthetical psychology; he has undeniably shown that very harmonious lyrics can be done in blank verse; nay, that

¹ "Both songs are unrhymed," says Rev. Stopford Brooke; "yet no one needs the rhyme, so harmoniously is their assonance arranged, not so much at the end of each line as in the body of the lines themselves" (p. 162).

the wandering melodies of repetition and parallelism suit the vagueness or wildness of emotional moods even better than the regular tinkling of immovable rhymes.

There is no doubt that in *In Memoriam* parallelism and especially repetition of words and even of phrases play a most effective part; they connect either the lines of some stanzas, or the stanzas of some poems, or even whole poems; thus they partly obviate the double danger of such a long elegiac work, looseness and monotony.¹

In *Maud* iteration is so frequent, so varied, and so characteristic that the poem from this standpoint deserves a special study.

The morbid hero is the more interesting as he is throughout in a distracted state of mind, which at times verges on madness; and under that influence, whether excited or despondent, his uncontrollable emotions more or less unconsciously vent themselves in repetitions and parallelism. "*Is it peace or war?*"² is the angry query, twice repeated, of the first section, whose solemn answer will be the very conclusion of the drama. From this first section begins in a fourfold repetition that untiring litany of "*Maud, Maud, . . .*" which, now anxious, now rapturous, now mournful, echoes throughout the whole poem. In the two following sections appears the "*pale,*" "*cold, clear-cut face*" of the heroine, whose fixed image keeps on "*growing and fading and growing*" in the poor diseased imagination. In the fifth section the haunting echo of the "*singing*" "*voice*" which *will* not be "*still*" now vies with the obstinacy of the vision which *would* not be reasoned away. In the

¹ See *Pref.*, Nos. III., VI., VII., IX., X., XI., XIV., XIX., XXIII., XXVII., XXVIII., XXX., L., LI., LIV., LVI., LIX., LXVIII., LXIX., LXXVIII., LXXXIII., LXXXV., LXXXIX., XCI., XCV., CL., CVI., CXV., CXXVI.

² All the words italicised between inverted commas are repeated words of the poem.

sixth section all the "*whats*" and "*what ifs*," and all the dark questionings of a morbidly suspicious mind, are summed up in the double repetition :

*" Yet, if she were not a cheat,
If Maud were all that she seem'd,
And her smile were (had) all that I dream'd,
Then the world were not so bitter,
But a smile could make it sweet."*

Some more questioning in Section VII.—vague this time, and half hopeful, half superstitious :

*" Well, if it prove a girl, the boy
Will have plenty : so let it be."*

"*Suddenly, sweetly, strangely*" heart responds to heart in Section VIII. "*Sick, sick to the heart of life,*" "*sick of a jealous dread,*" is the wretched lover in Section IX.

*Put down the passions that make earth Hell !
Down with ambition, avarice, pride,
Jealousy down ! cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear ;
Down, too, down at your own fireside,
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
For each is at war with mankind.*

In Section XI. roused energy nerves itself in a double repetition :

*Then let come what come may,
I shall have had my day.*

In Section XII. the echoing name of "*Maud*" is repeatedly cawed by the hoarse-voiced, ill-omened "*birds in the high Hall-garden*"; the echoing name of "*Maud*" is twittered "*here, here, here,*" by the shrill joyful little "*birds in our wood.*" "*The death-white curtain*" prophetically looms in the gloomy dreams of Section XIV. What "*if I be dear, if I be dear to some one else ?*" Section XV. Great expectations in Section XVI : "*O this is the day !*" Great exultation in Section XVII., all made up of repetitions, as if one over-

whelming feeling was spreading all over the world, and one glorious hue dazzling the raptured soul.

*Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields,
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.
When a happy Yes
Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news
Over glowing ships ;
Over blowing seas,
Over seas at rest,
Pass the happy news,
Blush it thro' the West ;
Till the red man dance
By his red cedar-tree,
And the red man's babe
Leap beyond the sea.
Blush from West to East,
Blush from East to West,
Till the West is East,
Blush it thro' the West.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.*

The developments of Section XVIII. are characteristic. Utmost happiness is no more able to express itself fully than any other extreme feeling ; so the powerless lover keeps on repeating his own words to develop them over and over again ; there are three verses about "*there is none like, none,*" and two about the antagonistic idea of death :

" Would die," " not die."

And again :

*Beat, happy stars, timing with things below,
Beat with my heart, more blest than heart can tell,
Blest, but . . .*

In Section XIX. emphatic repetitions of words, phrases, and lines, together with slow verbal developments. In Section XXII. the ecstasy of love reaches its climax in repetitions of words and phrases and lines, and in developments and parallelisms of all kinds, especially in the two last crowning stanzas :

Come into the garden, Maud,
 . . .
To faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.
All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon ;
All night has the casement . . .
"But mine, but mine," so I swore to the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine."
Queen rose of the rosebud garden, . . .
Queen lily and rose in one.
She is coming, my dove, my dear ;
She is coming, my life, my fate ;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near ;
And the white rose weeps, "She is late " ;
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear " ;
And the lily whispers, "I wait."
She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed,
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead.

Throughout Part II. triumphant madness raves in iterations. In Section I., first the urging words of remorse :

The fault was mine, the fault was mine.

Next the haunting scene :

And he struck me, madman, over the face,
Struck me before the languid fool, . . .
Struck for himself an irredeemable stroke.

Next the hallucinatory echo of a distracting voice never to be hushed :

*And there rang on a sudden a passionate cry,
A cry for a brother's blood ;
It will ring in my heart and ears, till I die, till I die.*

Last the phantom :

*A shadow there at my feet
High over the shadowy land,
Is it gone ?
It is gone*

In Section II. is repeated the merciful cry of despair, conquering all selfishness :

*Comfort her, comfort her, all things good,
While I am over the sea !
Let me and my passionate love go by,
But speak to her all things holy and high,
Whatever happens to me !
Me and my harmful love go by ;
But come to her waking, find her asleep,
Powers of the height, Powers of the deep,
And comfort her tho' I die.*

In Section III. a vain attempt at courage

Courage, poor (stupid) heart of stone

Section III. forcibly shows the powerlessness of a distracted mind struggling against its harassing visions :

*Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies ;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
She is walking (singing) in the meadow,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye.
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry.
It crosses here, it crosses there,
There to weep, to weep, to weep.*

Just as love in the last section of Part I., so madness in the last section of Part II. reaches its climax in repetitions and parallelisms :

*Dead, long dead,
Long dead !
And my heart is a handful of dust,
And the wheels go over my head,
And my bones are shaken with pain,
For into a shallow grave they are thrust,
Only a yard beneath the street,
And the hoofs of the horses beat, beat,
The hoofs of the horses beat,
Beat into my scalp and my brain,
With never an end to the stream of passing feet,
Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying.
And somebody, surely, some kind heart will come
To bury me, bury me,
Deeper, ever so little deeper.*

Section V., verse 6 :

*Prophet, curse me, the blabbing lip,
And curse me the British vermin, the rat ;
I know not whether he came in the Hanover ship,
But I know that he lies and listens mute
In an ancient mansion's crannies and holes ;
Arsenic, arsenic, sure, would do it,
Except that now we poison our babes, poor souls !
It is all used up for that.*

In Part III. madness is cured ; will has recovered its supremacy ; reason guides the trains of ideas ; so the clear flow of thoughts is no longer hindered by any verbal obstructions ; no more repetitions but one, as a last echo of the departing storm :

*It is time, it is time, O passionate heart, said I,
It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
That old hysterical mock disease should die.*

Now, even after such a brief review, one may easily see how closely all the devices of iteration : repetition, parallelism, incremental development, are throughout the whole poem connected with the morbid processes of an

unhinged mind. It stands to reason, just as it is true to science, that, in cases of lunacy, especially at intense crises, ideas should be suggested as well as linked by mere words, nay by the very sound of words, rather than by sense; for in such cases verbal association does supersede rational connections; logically the climax of both iteration and madness is then in Part II. Therefore, even from our own technical point of view, Tennyson's "Little Hamlet," as he used to call it, rightly deserves the compliment once paid to it: "One of the best known doctors for the insane," states his son, "wrote that it was 'the most faithful representation of madness since Shakespeare.'" ¹

There is but one long poem by Tennyson more iterative than *Maud*; it is *The Window*; every stanza of it is crammed with repetitions and parallelisms of all kinds. But this is a mere libretto, avowedly meant to "dance to Mr. Sullivan's instrument." Therefore, the study of all its intricate artificialities does not at all afford an interest equal to that of the more spontaneous lyrics.

The lyrics of the *Idyls of the King* are almost as interesting as those of *The Princess*. The fleeting character of life and nature is admirably suggested by the initial burden of "*Rain, rain and sun*," with its alternation of words and additional parallelisms. ² The wild, rugged, clashing

¹ *Memoir*, II., 167. From this lyrical "monodrama," as from other lyrics, we feel inclined to infer that the strongest feelings, whether sane or not (though especially in an insane mind), have a natural tendency to express themselves over and over again, either in the same words or in the same constructions, until their emotional power is exhausted. When the mind is at rest, a free choice of words as well as of thoughts being possible, the even flow of life is evinced by fluent speech. Hence the greater frequency of iteration in lyrical poetry than in any other poetry.

² Cf. the first burden of the concluding song in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, "With hey, ho! the wind and the rain."

repetitions of words and phrases in the coronation song of King Arthur impart to it a marvellous, though barbarous, martial ring. The rapturous hopefulness of growing love is finely conveyed in the parallel exclamations of Lynette, linked throughout by the recurrence of the refrain. "*Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel*" is the ruling movement of Enid's song, reinforced by numerous parallelisms and repetitions of words and phrases. Initial repetitions, together with a full-lined burden, link the four quatrains of *The Fire of Heaven*. The irregular intricacy of the scattered repetitions in Vivian's song quite suits the wily process of her wicked obstinacy. The pure song of Elaine is almost all made up with the parallel repetitions of "Love" and "Death," "sweet" and "bitter," linked up by an alternating burden. As to the building of two five-lined stanzas upon the mere word "rose," we believe it to be a metrical feat quite unique in verse-making. The easy movement "*Free love, free field*," twice paralleled, runs through Tristram's light-hearted song in his happier mood, just as in his despondent one blows the withering blast of age: "*Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bend the brier*." "*Late, late, too late*," emphasized by its consequent "Ye cannot enter now," is the merciless keynote of Queen Guinevere's song.

To all these subtle uses of both forms of iteration may be applied the words of Edgar Poe, who was from the beginning such a warm admirer of Tennyson's artistical refinement: "The thoughts here belong to a high order of poetry, but could not have been wrought into effective expression without the aid of those repetitions, those unusual phrases, those *quaintnesses*, in a word, which it has too long been the fashion to censure indiscriminately under the one general head of affectation."

The lyrics of the drama, however unequal in worth, are perhaps their most durable parts, and their beauty as elsewhere chiefly rests on their iterative qualities. In *Queen Mary* the quatrain is doubly parallel; each of the three stanzas of the milkmaid's song has a double burden and many repetitions and parallelisms throughout; "*low, lute,*

low” is both the keynote and the burden of Alice’s song, also reinforced by a parallelism of lines. In *Harold* the first stanza of Edith partly rests on the parallelism of two lines, and the second on the repetition of one word; the six lines of the Saxon thanes are all made up of alternate repetitions and successive parallelisms. In *Becket* “Over! . . . over and gone with the roses” is the fit refrain of Eleanor’s melody; the duet is, of course, full of parallelisms of lines and of repetitions of words and phrases, just as Margery’s song; Rosamund’s words are especially dainty in this respect, as they contain hardly anything but repetitions or parallelisms. The only song of *The Cup* rests on the two words “moon” and “home” set in repeated phrases or parallel lines. There is true suggestive harmony in the three dialect stanzas of *The Promise of May*, much of it being due to their double refrain and verbal or structural iterations; the last stanza contains repeated and consequently parallel exclamations.

Many and most varied are the lyrics of *The Foresters*. First a ballad with the two last lines in each quatrain linked by parallelism and repetition of phrases; next, Marian’s two closely parallel stanzas; next, the drinking song, with its symmetrical beginning and end; the structure of the forester’s song is peculiar: the choruses, though parallel and provided with a burden, are by far less iterative than the preceding stanzas with their numerous repetitions and close parallelism both within and throughout. There is, of course, a good deal of iteration in Titania’s dialogue with her fairies; the two stanzas of Little John clearly come out of the same mould, keeping similar structures and many words in common. Marian’s two last stanzas have both initial and terminal burdens; “Home again” is the concluding keynote of the country-dance song. Yet, in spite of all their cleverness and variety, all these lyrics do partake of the unfelicitous frigidness of the dramatic works they are meant to enliven; being less spontaneous, their repetitions and parallelisms too often verge on mere mannerism.

As to blank verse, it is in *The Idyls* less iterative than in *The Princess*, though there are both parallel and repetitive effects to be found here and there; they are usually either brought together in successive lines, as in *The Marriage of Geraint*, in *The Last Tournament*, and in *The Holy Grail*, or irregularly scattered after Homer's style, as in *The Coming of Arthur*, in *Gareth and Lynette*, and again in *The Holy Grail*. Somewhat like *leitmotives*, they often impart both musical and moral unity to lengthy works. In the dramas iteration is still more scarce than in *The Idyls*, though interesting examples might be quoted chiefly from *Queen Mary* and *Harold*. Out of the long poems, *The Lover's Tale* is, no doubt, the one affording the most numerous effects of repetition, especially of the incremental sort, just as *Enoch Arden* is the one affording the most beautiful illustrations, either in plain narratives or in vivid descriptions, of sweet Homer-like echoes, or of bold reduplicated touches of the brush. Occasional repetitions akin to the imperfect burden of *St. Simeon Stylites* are to be found in *Columbus*, and especially in *Sir John Oldcastle*. *The Ring* has a good many iterative effects. One line of *De Profundis* is repeated five times. All the other blank verse poems are more or less free from iteration. Exception must, however, be taken of *Merlin and the Gleam*, an almost unique specimen of a both rhymeless and stanzaic poem in short lines, irregular as to their number and even their accents; its unquestionable rhythm (for it does not read at all like prose, in spite of so much irregularity) is, we think, largely due to the very fluency of its numerous parallelisms and repetitions. But *Boadicea* is, in our opinion, the most striking example of the rhythmical power of iteration, for its wonderful profusion in effects of this kind seems to us far less to illustrate the possibility of Catullus' metre in the English language than this very power itself.

Likewise, even in rhyming verse, iteration evinces its linking power, both in the regular quatrains of *The Grandmother* or in the regular doublets of *Sixty Years After*, where it so well suits doting old age, and in the irregular

stanzas of *The Wreck*, *The Revenge*, *Despair*, *The Voyage of the Maelduné*, and especially *The Defence of Lucknow*.

In the various poems which Tennyson wrote as the Laureate poet of England, the value of iteration seems to us proportionate to the spontaneousness of their inspiration, best in *The Charge of the Light Brigade* and in *Riflemen, Form*, questionable in *The Charge of the Heavy Brigade*, and even in the *Ode to the Duke of Wellington*.

Among the many other poems, the most interesting ones from our standpoint seem to be *The Daisy* and *To Maurice*, with their short quatrains slightly linked by repetitions, *Cauteretz*, with its initial repetition in every second line, *In the Garden at Swainston*, *The Throstle*, *The Tourney*, all full of repetitions of all kinds, *The Wager*, *The Sisters*, *The Voice*, and the *Peak*, *The Prefatory Poem*, *The Wanderer*, and lastly *Crossing the Bar*, with their parallel stanzas.

CONCLUSION.

FROM this double study of one of Tennyson's most characteristic, though least observed, prosodical processes we may now draw some general conclusions.

Tennyson, from his earliest youth, availed himself of the ballad devices of repetition and parallelism so prevalent in those days, for they at once fell in both with the musical requirements of his yet tentative art and with the brooding habits of his dreamy, ecstatic mind. Coleridge in England, Poe in America, and many other modern balladists had already much perfected this very primitive means of poetical utterance. Tennyson's untiring spirit of technical inventiveness, partly helped by a studious imitation of Alexandrian idyllists, still increased the diversity of its forms and improved the delicacy of its effects; and, by thus freeing himself from the shackles of traditional prosody, he gave an ampler scope to the full expression of his most subtle and complex inspiration. Therefore, throughout his so multi-form poetry are to be found all sorts and manners of repetitions and parallelisms, strangely scattered burdens, skilfully prolonged strains of melody, echoing litanies of beloved names, all from the simplest forms, hardly emerging from the merest commonplace prose-style to the most delicate or intricate ones, almost verging on the perilous side of meaningless word-music, yet all as adequately expressive by turns of light childish fun as of tragical pathos, of sly country humour as of earnest energy.

Despite such apparently endless diversity, the chief purposes served by this double kind of iteration may yet be

reduced for Tennyson as well as for all his compeers to four, to wit, continuity in form and variety in melody, emphasis of thought and suggestiveness of emotion. Long rhyming or unrhymed lines, separate stanzas, whole poems, Tennyson has over and over again efficiently knitted into well-sustained strains of poetry. And such a continuity has hardly ever grown into monotony; for, whereas the regular recurrence of final rhymes and final refrains, together with the regular structure of formal stanzas, is apt to pall on the ear, the unexpected oncoming of irregular repetitions and parallelisms does partake both of that haunting charm and of that linking power of *leitmotivs* which so happily combine variety and unity. Plain thoughts, vivid impressions, graphic effects, stern passions, all that is sane, clear, moderate, intellectual, is of course easily emphasized by the simplest processes of iteration. But to slightly suggest subtle feelings, vague apprehensions, delicate fancies, fleeting moods, fresh spontaneousness, underlying morality, or on the contrary to adequately render the utmost crises of misery or delight, frantic wrath or ecstatic love, raving madness or torpid melancholy, in short, to convey into human speech all such extreme emotions as, for very vagueness or wildness, seem essentially to be either above or below the reach of conscious thought, and therefore of distinct words, no music has ever proved better suited in lyrical verse, even without the customary help of rhymes, than the wandering melody of repetends and the haunting harmony of parallelisms.

There are, indeed, many other prosodical devices more or less overlooked as yet, even within the narrow limits of repetition, such as, for instance, alliteration, vowel-music, and so on; their careful study would no doubt richly repay any scholar's pain, nay, many a refined artist's skilful industry. Yet none, we think, more plainly reveals than verbal and structural iteration those inmost depths of unconscious personality whence springs the very originality of any poetical genius. "The study of repetition in the works of any poet," rightly says Prof. Alph. Smith, "brings us much nearer to a right appreciation of his

characteristic style than the study of his rhymes, his line-lengths, or his poetic feet can ever do. For in repetition we trace the precise movement of the poet's thought, we gauge his pace; and this cannot be shown with equal clearness in any other way." No wonder then if this study of ours distinctly shows as being uppermost in Tennyson's inspiration an exquisite versatility, just as in Coleridge's it shows the weird fancy, in Poe's the ecstatic melancholy, in Swinburne's the sonorous *virtuosité*.

Another still more general conclusion may perhaps be drawn from this study—more clearly now at any rate than from the brief side-views casually afforded by our former close examination. There is no doubt but that, out of all the prosodical elements so lavishly supplied by the inherent word-music of the English language, iteration of accent, *i.e.*, rhythm, has proved throughout the course of English poetry, even from the earliest Saxon days, most predominant, because it is indeed the most essentially consistent with the inmost laws of phonetical structure in the said language;—just as, for the very same inner reason, iteration of terminal sounds, *i.e.*, rhyme, has ever proved most prevalent in French poetry.¹ But how is it that, out of all other iterative devices—and there are many in English, besides alliteration, for instance—verbal and structural iterations have been so readily discarded, or at any rate so carelessly overlooked by the large majority of poets and critics? The reason is, we think, that such an obvious kind of iteration is much more apt than less conspicuous ones, such as rhyme, rhythm, and alliteration, to lose its own peculiar charm of fresh spontaneousness if it bluntly falls into the mere sing-song of conventional regularity. To reach its highest pitch of excellency, this double form of iteration must needs remain more or less irregular.

¹ In French poetry, where both forms of iteration have not been so studiously resorted to as in other languages, we have yet found a few typical illustrations of their use. *Cf.* our book on *Alfred de Vigny* (Paris: Armand Colin, 1910, pp. 102—104).

Now, there are here as elsewhere three stages of evolution. In the early and therefore tentative, or even, so to speak, instinctive, periods of all literatures both repetition and parallelism did most plentifully, if not most exquisitely, thrive, and that not only because, as some German scholars assert, they adequately fell in with the natural requirements of communal art, but also, as we have suggested, because they are in perfect conformity with the very workings of the individual mind. 'It stands to reason, indeed, that lyrical emotion, like any other strong feeling, has in every man a natural tendency to vent itself in the mere repetition of its primitive movement until it reaches the very exhaustion of its impulsive force—hence, parallelism of construction; just as poetical impressions, like any other vivid perceptions, have a no less natural tendency to outlive or even to revive altogether in the haunting similarity of the most adequate expressions—hence, repetition of words. Of course, this double iteration—whose emphatic nature thus belongs no less to the rhetoric than to the prosody of verse—could not from the very beginning but partake the more readily of the wild irregularity of barbarous times, as it was, even to a greater extent than rhymes and rhythms, based on the utmost versatility of passing moods in the poet; nay, its very charm and power lay then mostly in the frank abruptness of this wild irregularity. Yet, like all things human, this trifling trick of a more or less unconscious art grew in the course of time, that is, with the gradual development of human reason, more conscious, more rational, hence more regular. Nor did it at first, in the lawlessness of the Renaissance days, lose too much of its primitive freshness and variety. But later on, under the all-pervading influence of tyrannical logics, all the freedom of iteration had to yield to the formal stateliness of classical ages; then structural repetition, turning into a mechanical mode of poetical utterance, stiffened into the hard frame of the unalterable stanza, just as verbal repetition, constantly driven back to the very end of the said stanza, assumed the but too well deserved name of burden. Such an excess of systematic regularity could not,

of course, but bring about a double evil—monotony in the work of art, hindrance in the working of the artist. No wonder then if everywhere there broke out romantic revolutions that threw off all such conventional trammels as hampered the natural play of that most fickle offspring of the inner life, poetical inspiration. Therefore, together with the fluent flow of the lines, with the free tinkling of the rhymes, with the endless variety of the rhythms, with the manifold irregularity of the stanzas, was also bound to revive in an improved form the old and yet ever new process of repetition of words and constructions. Of course, despite the unquestionable vagaries of many an eccentric poet, this process has no longer remained the barbarous one of early times; but, thanks to the exquisite refinement of such great artists as Coleridge, Poe, and Tennyson, it has become for modern poets a most appropriate means to adapt the supple garb of their musical strains to the shifting attitudes of their lyrical moods. Yet, here as elsewhere, the universal law of evolution asserts itself; out of barbarous anarchy arose too strict an order, which now relaxes into well-nigh lawless liberty.

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